

# The Musical World.

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## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SCHROEDER FAMILY.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—The communication from Mr. Hill respecting the Schroeder family, which appeared in your Journal of Saturday last, demands an answer from me; and this answer I shall give (with your permission) through the medium of your columns. If I did not resort to the same medium in giving my reply to the previous calumnies of the Messrs. Chipp and this same Mr. Hill, it was not from any doubt of your willingness to give it insertion. But as it was very long, arising from the necessity of incorporating with it the letters which you had already printed, besides several others, and as I further considered it requisite that my whole statement should be brought at once before the reader, it did not appear to me probable that it would suit the arrangements of your Journal to print it in the manner I deemed requisite. Indeed, I am not sure but the communication I have now to make may exceed your limits; in which case I have to beg that you will have the courtesy to return it to me.

The editorial remark in your last number, founded on Mr. Hill's own statement, is perfectly just. You say:—

"After two very attentive readings, we can really make out no case against Mr. Anderson in the communication from Mr. Hill, which appears in another part of our impression. It was not Mr. Anderson's fault that poor Herr Schroeder begot many children, and died insolvent. By no means; it was Herr Schroeder's. Nor, if Mr. Anderson paid £10 a-year out of his own pocket, for three consecutive years (as Mr. Hill himself informs us), towards defraying the educational expenses of Herr Schroeder's eldest son, at the Royal Academy of Music, can Mr. Anderson be fairly arraigned for claiming the sum of £30, as a just debt due to himself. At least, this seems to us the true logic of the matter."

You say that I cannot be fairly arraigned for claiming repayment of a just debt. This is supposing that I *have* done so. But I solemnly assure you that I never, at any time, even hinted to the late Mr. Schroeder that I wanted back the money I had paid for his son's education; and that I never claimed repayment of it to this day.

In entering upon a statement of my conduct with respect to the Schroeder family, I must premise that I do so with much reluctance; fearing, as I do, that my readers may imagine that I, like Mr. Hill, am anxious to bring my name into print, in order to boast of the little services I have been able to render to a talented youth, the son of a deceased member of the Queen's Private Band, for whom I always had a very high esteem: but Mr. Hill has compelled me to reply to his malignant and calumnious attack, which is written for the double purpose of making me appear to have unfeelingly withheld money due to a poor orphan family, and of exalting himself as the kind and benevolent being who had done everything to support them. Mr. Hill certainly did something, and let him have due credit for what he has done. But he only did that which he had volunteered to do, namely, seeing that the charities of that excellent institution, the Royal Society of Musicians, were properly distributed; and, if he had not done so, there are many others in the society who, with equally kind feelings, would have stepped forward in the melancholy circumstances of the family. As a pretext for his attack upon me, Mr. Hill talks of the "Many reflections made upon his conduct for the part he had taken, and also upon the motives from which he had acted, in endeavouring to place the orphan children of the late Louis Schroeder in a way to help themselves." But what were those reflections? who ever heard of them? who made them? and who *could* have made them? What could have been said of Mr. Hill's conduct, but that it was creditable to him so far as it went, and that he would have deserved praise for it had he not

been so eager to sound his own trumpet. When a man takes so much pains to proclaim his own good deeds to the world, without being called upon to do so, his conduct becomes vanity, not charity; and it becomes something worse when he mixes his own self-praise with detraction of others. I regret most sincerely that, owing to this statement of Mr. Hill's, I am compelled to make known to the public that I too have done some good actions to young Schroeder, which I would otherwise have kept to myself.

In the year 1850, I informed His Royal Highness Prince Albert that young Schroeder possessed, in my opinion, considerable talent for the violoncello, and that I had been trying to get him into the Royal Academy of Music; but that his father was so poor that he could not afford to pay for his musical education. I asked the Prince if he would kindly allow me to draw £20 a-year from the band account towards the young man's education, to which the Prince most readily and kindly consented. I then agreed to pay the remainder of the requisite sum—£10 per annum—out of my own pocket. Mr. Williams was present at the time this arrangement was made, and Mr. Schroeder expressed himself most grateful. The youth was in the Royal Academy three years; he was taught the harp and violoncello; and the expense of his tuition was paid as abovementioned; and I repeat what I have said already, that I never even hinted to his father that I wanted back my money. When Mr. Schroeder died I was at Osborne; and the moment I heard of it I obtained the necessary authority to let the place be kept open and the duty performed by deputy; that young Schroeder should be directly taught the double bass, and, as soon as competent, take his father's place. But the youth preferred the violoncello, and I knew it was vain to force on him an instrument he did not like. I immediately came up to town, and appointed Mr. Nickel, Mr. Egerton, and Mr. Williams, together with the young man himself, to meet me at my house. They did so; and I requested Mr. Egerton to take charge of the boy, assuring him that I would be answerable that he should be paid. The gentlemen above named are ready to come forward and prove this.

When the band went to Windsor, I requested Mr. Egerton to bring the boy with him, and allowed him to play in the Band to keep him in practice, and merely as a supernumerary, the establishment being complete without him. I paid Mr. Egerton for his board, lodging, and washing; and Mr. Egerton is ready to come forward and state that he might have had the money from me weekly, if he liked. He got £5 from me when he asked for it, and the remainder when young Schroeder left him, having obtained an engagement at the Princess's Theatre. I have since had him at Windsor for the performances, for which I paid him four guineas. It is true I did not pay him liberally during the time he was playing as a supernumerary in the Band, because I had no right to engage him, and as I employed him in order to keep him in practice, and to support him till I could get him into some orchestra. The three-and-sixpence a-day paid to Mr. Egerton, may be, as Mr. Hill calls it, a miserable pittance; but it is at the rate of £64 per annum—not so very bad, considering that many respectable young men beginning the world contrive to live very decently upon less.

The most unjust part of Mr. Hill's letter is the following—I must request you to reprint it here, as it is a mass of the grossest falsehoods:—"At the time of the father's death, there was owing to him twenty-five days of a quarter's wages, at the rate of £130 per annum—super-money for some months, amounting in all to ten or eleven pounds, and a sum of £12 12s. was afterwards paid into the hands of the Master of the Private Band by the Honourable the Colonel C. B. Phipps at the end of the September quarter, it having been charged in the accounts as funeral expenses, although the Royal Society of Musicians had paid every charge connected with the funeral in August, immediately after application had been made by the son to the Society for the amount usually granted in such cases. This money, the £12 12s., etc., has remained in the hands of the Master of

the Private Band until a few days ago, when he suddenly discovered that the children might have a moral title, if not a legal one, to the money; he has paid to the eldest son the sum of ten guineas as for funeral expenses—the rest remains to be paid. During the severity of the winter, the children, from the scantiness of their wardrobe, required assistance in the shape of clothes, shoes, etc., their large claims to a charitable sympathy was pressed from time to time on the notice of the Master of the Private Band without effect, his reply to such appeals being: "*The money ought to be paid to the creditors; the family owes me £40; the children are minors, and have no legal claim.*" When urged to return the money to the Honourable C. B. Phipps, state simply the circumstances of the children, and ask permission to apply some portion of it to their relief and benefit, he replied: "*I cannot do that.*"—"I must speak to my lawyer." It needs few expressions to say with how much pain and reprobation such an opinion, and such a resolution was received by those to whom it was uttered, and who had been doing everything, in their limited power, to alleviate the privations of the children."

Subsequently Mr. Hill says: "The Master of the Private Band has held the money before named until now, and doggedly refused to give one farthing to the children, in any way, until it was almost too late for any valuable purpose."

I certainly received the amount due to the late Mr. Schroeder, and should only have been too happy, as I have often stated to Mr. Hill, to have paid it all, and got rid of a troublesome business; but as Schroeder died considerably in debt, and there was no legal representative, I was strongly advised not to part with it, the children being all minors. When Mr. Hill says that I assigned as a reason for withholding the money that "the family owed me £40," he tells an untruth, and he knows it. He knows that I have never set up any claim of my own against the money in my hands. All I desired was to be able to pay it safely, without being liable to a demand for second payment from the creditors—a precaution taken by every man in the least conversant with business. It was Mr. Hill's own fault that this was not done. Had he taken my advice, and gone round to the creditors with the young man, and got them to sign a document releasing me from responsibility, everything might have been settled long ago. I frequently told Mr. Hill how anxious I was to get rid of the money, and others in the Band know that I was.

Mr. Hill says, in the passage already quoted, that, in addition to the sum due to Mr. Schroeder at the time of his death, a sum of £12 12s. was afterwards paid to me by the Hon. Colonel Phipps, it having been charged in the accounts as funeral expenses, although the Royal Society of Musicians had paid every charge connected with the funeral; that this sum remained in my hands till a few days ago, when I suddenly discovered that the children might have a moral if not a legal claim to the money, and that then I paid to the eldest son the sum of ten guineas as for funeral expenses. What will be thought of Mr. Hill's veracity, when it is known that the sum of ten guineas, said to have been paid to the eldest son for funeral expenses, was paid to him in order to repay Mr. Hill himself for the violoncello which he had bought for the young man. This violoncello story is rather curious. "Young Schroeder," says Mr. Hill, "had no instrument to play upon, and was not likely to have it in his power to purchase one. I obtained for him a violoncello, for which I paid ten guineas, and he agreed to pay me a few shillings at a time from his earnings." While coolly writing this, Mr. Hill had himself been repaid for the violoncello by means of money furnished by me! I challenge him to deny the fact; which, however, he entirely suppresses, while at the same time he asserts that this ten guineas was on account of funeral expenses—an assertion of the falsehood of which he was perfectly aware, as the money went into his own pocket!

As to the funeral expenses advanced by the Royal Society of Musicians, this sum, being £10 11s. (not £12 12s. as stated by Mr. Hill), together with all other sums I had in my hands, has been paid into the hands of Mr. Egerton, he having signed a deed exonerating me from further responsibility to the creditors, which I wished Mr. Hill to sign; but he made so many objections and difficulties, though he has abused me for not paying the money at my own risk, that I would not trouble myself about him any longer.

I repeat that, in this affair, as in others, Mr. Hill has acted towards me with the greatest duplicity. I have always shewn him every possible kindness and attention, as all the Band can bear witness, with the exception of the clique he has stirred up against me. His conduct to me, no doubt, arises from his dissatisfaction with the arrangement respecting his salary—an arrangement deliberately proposed and entered into by himself. But I now find that he has been constantly complaining of it to others of the Band, though he never adopted the honourable and straightforward course of speaking to me openly on the subject.

Such then, sir, is the man who has always received, and acknowledged to have received, great and uniform kindness from me.

Such is the man to whose delicate health during the whole of the last severe winter, I paid unremitting attention, studying his comfort in every way, and apportioning a part of my own room at Windsor for him to dress in.

Such is the man who has gratefully acknowledged my kindness in offering him the use of my cottage in the Isle of Wight, in the hope that milder air might be of benefit to him—who has expressed his thankfulness for "my friendship and generosity which he is honoured with," and who has signed his letters "with the purest sincerity, yours most truly, Hy. Hill."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. F. ANDERSON,

34, Nottingham-place, York-gate, Regent's-park,  
June 5th, 1855.

#### INQUIRIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Could you inform whether Goss's music to the Nicene Creed is published; and if so, where? Also where I can obtain good editions (vocal score, with the organ or pianoforte accompaniment) of the two following works, "Before Jehovah's awful throne," Madau; and "Sound the loud timbrel," Avison.—Your obedient servant,

Brompton, Kent, May 31.

VERITAS.

[Perhaps some of our readers may be able to supply the information required.—Ed.]

#### DOING THE PROVINCES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR.—The "*Great Albani Concert*," as it was announced, but "*sell*" would have been the most appropriate word (for assuredly a greater "*sell*" never took place) came off last Thursday. The Assembly Rooms was literally crammed; indeed a better, or more numerous audience could not have been anticipated under any circumstances, but oh! what a falling off was there. To begin with, after all the people were comfortably seated, every light went out, leaving the whole company in perfect darkness; secondly, about half an hour after the concert should have commenced according to announcement, an ominous "Bulletin" or, as one of our papers facetiously calls it, a "stereotyped apology" was circulated. Well, sir, when the concert did commence Signor Li Calci played "something" on the pianoforte which was not announced, and omitted Thalberg's Fantasia on *Don Pasquale* which was announced; secondly, Madame Albani, who was announced to sing five times, and as it was ostentatiously announced in the before-mentioned "Bulletin," would not depart from the programme, made her appearance thrice, I cannot say "*sang*" twice. Really, sir, the public deserve better treatment. Even the very person who announced the concert (Mr. Andrews) has felt himself called upon to publish a sort of semi-apology (as may be seen on reference to the *Looker-on*) for not knowing what was patent (at least so I have heard) to all connected with the "affair." I trust, sir, you will use your influence in preventing a repetition of such an infliction.—Yours truly,

Cheltenham, June 2, 1855.

O. P.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD has been playing with great success at Venice. She is now at Florence, whence she proceeds to Turin, Genoa, Milan, and Sienna.

MESSERS. H. AND R. BLAGROVE gave a concert on Monday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. They were assisted by Miss Dolby, who sung Mercadante's aria, "Grazie clementi," and Haydn's "Spirit Song;" and Mr. Sims Reeve, who sung an aria from Weber's *Euryanthe*, and a song by Molique, in which he was encored. Mr. Henry Blagrove received great and deserved applause for his performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Mr. Richard Blagrove in a solo on the concertina, on airs from the *Prophète* and the *Huguenots*, was greatly admired by the lovers of that instrument. The room was fully attended, and the concert gave entire satisfaction. The orchestra, though small, was highly efficient, and was conducted by Herr Molique, with admirable skill.

## OPERA AND DRAMA.

## PART I.

## OPERA AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 342.)

## CHAPTER II.

Long before Gluck—as we have already mentioned—happily endowed and sensitive composers and singers, entirely of their own accord, with all their vocal skill and artistic bravura, embellished the execution of the operatic air with fervent expression, wherever the text-foundation permitted them to do so, and, even when it in no way favoured expression, worked upon their audience by the communication of true feeling and real passion. This circumstance depended entirely upon the individual disposition of the musical factors of the opera, and in it the true constitution of music was displayed so far triumphant over the spirit of mere form, inasmuch as this art, in conformity with its nature, makes itself known as the immediate language of the heart.

If, in the development of opera, we designate as *reflecting* the direction in which this most noble property of music was raised on principle, by Gluck and his successors, to the rank of arranger of the drama, we must call the other direction, in which—especially on the boards of Italian opera houses—the said property, in the case of happily gifted musicians, was manifested unconsciously, and entirely of itself, the *naïve* direction. It is characteristic of the former, that it was developed, as an imported production, in Paris, before a public that, naturally unmusical, rather acknowledges and inclines to a well-ordered, dazzling mode of speech, than to the feeling substance of the speech itself; while the latter, the *naïve* direction, has especially remained the property of the sons of the native land of modern music—Italy.

Although it was a German who displayed this tendency in its greatest brilliancy, his high mission was only assigned him from the fact, that his artistic nature was similar to the undisturbed and spotless clearness of a bright expanse of water, over which the peculiar and most beautiful blossoms of Italian music bent, in order—as in a mirror—to perceive, recognise, and love themselves. But this glass was simply the surface of a deep, endless sea of yearning and longing, which, from the immeasurable fullness of his being, stretched out to the surface, as to the utterance of what was below, in order, from the love-like greeting of the beautiful objects bent over it, as though thirsting for the recognition of their own being, to gain figure, form, and beauty.

Whoever thinks he recognises in Mozart the experimentalising musician, passing from one attempt to another, in order, for instance, to solve the problem of opera, can only place beside this error, to counterbalance it, another—the attributing *naïveté* to Mendelssohn, for instance, when the latter, distrustful of his own strength, hesitatingly and slowly approached opera only gradually from the greatest distance.\* The *naïve* and really inspired artist throws himself with enthusiastic recklessness into his work of art; and it is not until that is finished, and stands before him in its reality, that he obtains, from his experience, the true power of reflection, which protects him, generally, from mistakes, but which, in a particular case, and, therefore, when he feels impelled anew by inspiration to artistic creation, completely loses again all its power over him. Nothing is more characteristic of Mozart, with reference to his career as an operatic composer, than the careless absence of choice with which he began his works; he thought so little of reflecting on the fundamental æsthetic scruples of opera, that it was rather with the greatest ingenuousness he set about composing the music of every operatext pro-

posed, actually indifferent as to whether the text was, or was not, a thankful one to him, as a pure musician. If we take all his æsthetic observations and remarks, preserved in one place and another, we shall find that all his reflection does not certainly rise higher than his celebrated definition of his nose. He was so completely and perfectly a musician, and nothing but a musician, that it is from him we can, most evidently and convincingly, comprehend the only true and right position of the musician to the poet. It was exactly in opera that he produced the most important and decisive results for music—in opera, on whose form he never conceived the idea of working with, as it were, absolute poetic sovereignty, but in which he just produced what he could by his purely musical capability, while on the other hand, by the truest, most untroubled adoption of the poetic intention—wherever and however this was to be met with—he developed this purely musical capability of his to such a pitch of fullness, that we do not find in any of his absolutely musical compositions, especially in any of his instrumental works, the art of music so extensively and richly developed as in his operas. The grand, noble, and sensible simplicity of his purely musical instinct, that is to say, the involuntary possession of the essence of his art, rendered it actually impossible for him to produce, as a composer, ravishing and intoxicating effects in places where the poem was flat and insignificant. How little did this most richly gifted of all musicians understand our modern music-makers' trick of raising towers of music, glittering like gold, upon a shallow and unworthy foundation, and of playing the enraptured and inspired where all the poetic work is hollow and empty, for the purpose of thus most clearly proving that the musician is really the principal personage, who can do everything, and can even create something out of nothing—exactly like the Almighty himself. Oh! how fervently do I love, and how highly do I respect Mozart, that it was not possible for him to compose for *Titus* music like that of *Don Juan*, or for *Così fan tutte*, like that of *Figaro*—how ignominiously would this have disgraced music! Mozart always composed music, but he could never write *beautiful* music, except when inspired. Although this inspiration necessarily proceeded from his inward and peculiar powers, it only appeared bright and brilliant when fired from without, when the lovely object, which, ardently oblivious of himself, he could embrace, was displayed before the genius of the most divine love within him. Thus it would have been exactly the most absolute of all musicians, Mozart, who would long since have most satisfactorily solved for us the operatic problem; who would, namely, have assisted in producing the truest, most beautiful, and most perfect drama, had he but met with the poet, whom he, as a musician, would only have been obliged to assist. He did not, however, meet with the poet: at one time, a mere tiresome, pedantic, or, at another, a frivolous, sprightly manufacturer of operatic texts supplied him with his airs, duets, and concerted pieces, for composition, to which pieces, in proportion to the warmth they awoke in him, he wrote such music, that they always gained the most suitable expression, whereof, according to their nature, they were in any way capable.

Thus, Mozart only demonstrated the inexhaustible power of music to satisfy every demand of the poet on its capabilities of expression, in the most incredible fullness; and, in his altogether unreflecting course of proceeding, this magnificent musician also discovered, in truth of dramatic expression, and in the most endless variety of his causation, this power of music in a far greater degree than Gluck and all his successors. But anything founded on principle was so little apparent in his whole mode of proceeding, that the mighty pinions of his genius really left the formal scaffolding of opera untouched; he merely cast into the forms of opera the fiery stream of his music, but the forms themselves were too weak to contain this stream, which flowed out of them to where it could, in continually more free and less restrictive limits, expand, in a manner agreeable to its natural yearning, until we again meet with it swollen out to the proportions of a mighty ocean in the symphonies of Beethoven. While, in purely instrumental compositions, the most peculiar capability of music was developed to the most immeasurable power, the forms of opera, like stone walls gutted by fire,

\* The author of the article, "Ueber Moderne Oper," mentioned in the Introduction, does both.



remained standing, naked and cold, in their old shape, awaiting the next guest who should fix his temporary home within them. Mozart is of great importance only generally for the history of music, but in no way, especially, for the history of opera, as a separate branch of art. Opera, which in its unnatural existence was bound to no laws really necessary for its life, might fall, as an opportune prey, to the share of the first musical adventurer that presented himself.

We can here altogether pass by, unnoticed, the unedifying sight offered by the artistic creations of the so-called successors of Mozart. A considerable number of composers imagined that Mozart's operatic style was something to be imitated in its form, thus naturally losing sight of the fact that the form was of itself nothing, but Mozart's musical genius exactly everything; no one however, has ever succeeded in imitating the creations of the mind by mere pedantic arrangements.

One thing alone remained to be enunciated in these forms—if Mozart developed, with the most unclouded *naïveté*, their purely musical value to the highest perfection, the real foundation of the whole system of opera was still, agreeably to the source from which it sprang, to be made known in the most unmysterious and naked publicity in the same forms; the world was still to be informed, plainly and frankly, to what aspirations and what demands upon art, opera was indebted for its origin and existence; and that these aspirations were not in any way directed to real drama, but to a kind of enjoyment—seasoned by the apparatus of the theatre—in no wise seizing and inwardly vivifying, but merely intoxicating and superficially amusing. In Italy, where opera arose from such an aspiration—as yet unconsciously—it was destined, also, to be finally satisfied with full consciousness.

We must here examine more closely the constitution of the air (*aria*).

As long as "airs" continue to be composed, the fundamental characteristic of this form of art will always have to prove itself an absolutely musical one. The national song sprang from a close and simultaneous working of the art of poetry and the art of music, which had grown up together in intimate alliance—from an art, which, in opposition to the purposely plastic art of civilization, almost the only one understood by us, we scarcely feel inclined to call an art, but which we might, perhaps, designate as the involuntary exposition of national feeling by artistic means. In this case, verbal and musical poetry are one and the same thing. The people never think of singing their songs without a text; without verbal verse no melody could exist for them. If, in process of time, and from modifications of the parent race the melody varies, the verbal verse varies in just the same manner; for the people, a separation, no matter of what description, is unintelligible; the two form together one whole, appertaining to itself, like man and wife. The creature of luxury heard this national song only from a distance; from his lordly palace he listened to the passing reapers, and the sole portion of the song that penetrated into his glittering halls was the melody, while the words died away, as far as he was concerned, below. If the melody was the entrancing odour of the flower, and the verse its body, with all its delicate organs of generation, the man brought up in luxury, and merely wishing to enjoy partially with his olfactory nerves, without at the same time enjoying with his eye as well, extracted this odour from the flower, and artificially distilled from it the perfume, which he drew off into phials, in order that he might carry it about with him, as he liked, and moisten with it himself and his magnificent apparel, whenever it suited his fancy to do so. Again, in order to gratify himself with a *sight* of the flower, he would have been obliged to go nearer; to descend from his palace into the glade; to force his way through branches, twigs, and leaves; and for this the noble and comfort-loving individual in question did not feel the least inclination. With the fragrant substratum he now sprinkled, also, the dreary wearisomeness of his life, and the hollowness and nullity of the sensations of his heart, the artificial plant that sprang from this unnatural impregnation being nought else than the *operatic air*. However varied and arbitrary the combinations into which it might be forced, it re-

mained constantly unfruitful and always itself alone; what it was and could not avoid being:—a mere musical substratum. The entire aerial body of the air evaporated into the melody, which was sung, and, at last, fiddled and blown, without the least notice being taken of the fact that a verbal verse, or even a verbal sense, existed beneath it. The more the odour, however, was subjected, in order to supply it with materials for corporal adherence, to all kinds of experiments, the most pompous of which was the serious pretence of the drama, the more did people feel it was weakened by all this mixing with what was hard, and foreign to it, and even that it lost a portion of its voluptuous strength and loveliness. The individual who restored to this odour, unnatural as it was, a body, which, though an imitation, imitated as deceptively as possible the natural one that once poured forth, from its natural abundance, into the air, the said odour, as the spirit of its being; the wonderfully skilful manufacturer of artificial flowers, which he formed of velvet and silk, and painted with deceptive colours, moistening their dry calices with the said substratum of perfume, so that odour began to exhale from them almost as from a real flower—this great artist was *Joachimo Rossini*.

In the case of Mozart, the melodic odour of which we have been speaking had found so nourishing a soil in a noble, healthy, artistic example of humanity, perfectly consonant to itself, that it forced out again the beautiful flower of true art, which carries us away in the most fervent rapture of the soul. But, even in the case of Mozart, it found this nourishment only when what was allied to him, what was healthy and purely human, presented itself as poetry to be wedded with his completely musical nature, and it was almost a mere fortunate chance that this circumstance repeatedly fell to his lot. When Mozart was abandoned by this fructifying god, the artificial element of the odour could only succeed in maintaining itself, and that artificially, with great exertion, and without true and necessary life. The melody, at whatever expense it might be cherished, sickened of the cold, lifeless spirit of formality, the only inheritance that this victim of an early death could leave his heirs, since precisely what he took with him in death was—his life.

What Rossini, in the first blush of his luxuriant youth beheld around him, was the harvest of death. If he looked upon the serious French, so-called, dramatic opera, he recognised with the penetrating glance of the zest for life inherent to youth, a tricked-out corpse, which even Spontini, striding forward in magnificent solitude, was no longer able to animate, because—as if for his own glorification—he was already embalming himself alive. Impelled by a bold instinct for life, Rossini tore the mask from the face of this pompous corpse, as if to discover the ground of its future life; through all the magnificence of the garments which proudly enveloped it, he discovered, this—the true ground of the life even in the case of this personage that carried itself so highly—*melody*. If he cast a glance on native Italian opera, and the work of Mozart's heirs, he again beheld nothing but death—death in empty forms—when *melody* rose up before him as their life—downright melody, without any pretence of character, which would have appeared in his eyes altogether hypocritical, when he looked on all the unfinished, violent and half things that had sprung from himself.

But Rossini wanted to *live*, and he perceived very clearly that, in order to be able to do so, he must live with those who possessed ears to hear him. Absolute melody had struck him as the sole vital principle in opera; he had only, therefore, to observe carefully what kind of melody he must adopt in order to be heard. Completely passing over all the rubbish in the shape of scores, he directed his powers of listening to where the people sang without notes, and what he heard there was what, in the whole range of opera, the ear retained in a more involuntary manner than anything else; *the naked, ear-pleasing, absolute melodic melody*, that is to say:—melody which is precisely melody and nothing more; which glides into our ears, we know not wherefore; which we repeat, we know not wherefore; which we adopt to-day instead of that of yesterday, and which we forget again to-morrow, without, again, knowing wherefore; which has a melancholy sound when we are merry, and a merry one when we are out of sorts, and which, notwithstanding, we

continue to hum over to ourselves, we once more do not exactly know wherefore.

Rossini struck up this melody, and—lo and behold!—the secret of opera was manifest. All that reflection and æsthetic speculation had built up, Rossini's opera-melodies pulled down, so that it was swept away like some unsubstantial figment of the brain. The lot of dramatic opera was no other than that of science with those problems, which are, in truth, based upon a false hypothesis, and which, when minutely examined, become more and more confused and incapable of solution, until, at last, Alexander's sword does its work, and cleaves the leathern knot through the middle, so that the thousand ends of the thongs fall apart in all directions. This sword is precisely the naked deed, and such a deed did Rossini perform, when he made every operatic audience in the world witnesses of the perfectly decided fact, that people merely desired to hear "pretty melodies," where mistaken artists had taken it into their heads to convey, by musical expression, the substance and aim of a drama.

Every one raised his voice in shouts of joy to praise Rossini, who so well understood how to make a separate art of the employment of these melodies. He did not devote the slightest attention to the organising of the form; he took the simplest, driest, and most flimsy which he found ready to his hand, but then he filled it, most logically, with the only substance it had always needed: narcotic, intoxicating melody. Completely indifferent as to the form, precisely because he left it altogether untouched, he employed his genius in the most amusing feats of juggling, which he caused to be executed within the limits of the form in question. To the singers, who had previously been obliged to study for the purpose of obtaining dramatic expression from a wearisome, meaningless verbal text, he said:—"Do whatever you like with the words, only, above all things, do not fail to get lustily applauded for lively flights and melodious *entrechats*." Who obeyed him more willingly than the singers? To the instrumentalists, who had previously been drilled to accompany, as intelligently as possible, pathetic vocal phrases with corresponding and simultaneous execution, he said:—"Take it easy, but, above all things, do not fail to get properly applauded for your respective and particular skill, in the passages where I give you an opportunity of so doing." Who thanked him more ardently than the instrumentalists? To the author of the operatic text, who had previously sweated blood, under the obstinately prejudiced arrangements of the dramatic composer, he said:—"My friend, do what you like, I do not need you any more!" Who was more obliged to him than the operatic poet, for this release from an unthankful and difficult task?

But who idolized Rossini more, for these benefits, than all the members of the whole civilised world, so far as operatic theatres could contain them. And who had more reason for doing so than they? Who was, with so much power, so perfectly obliging towards them as Rossini? If he heard that the public of a particular city was fond of having runs executed by the fair singers, while the public of another town preferred a languishing style, he gave his fair singers of the first place only runs, and those of the second only languishing strains. If he found that people *here* liked the big drum in the orchestra, he commenced his overture to a rustic opera with the big drum;\* if he was informed that the audience *there* was passionately fond of crescendos in *ensemble* movements, he put his opera in the form of a continually recurring crescendo. *Once* only did he have cause to repent his obliging readiness. He was advised to be careful when composing for Naples; his more sterlingly written opera did not take, and Rossini determined never again in his life to work with care, even if advised to do so.

When Rossini surveyed the prodigious results of his treatment of opera, he cannot be accused of the least vanity or arrogant pride for laughingly telling people to their face that he had discovered the true secret of opera, after which all his predecessors had groped about in vain. When he affirmed it would be an easy task for him to cause the operas of his greatest predecessors, even including Mozart's *Don Juan*, to be forgotten, simply by again setting the subjects to music after his

own fashion,\* there was not the slightest arrogance in his assertion, but simply the certain instinct of *what* the public really required from opera. In truth, our musical religionists would have had to view the appearance of a *Don Juan* by Rossini with the greatest disgrace to themselves; for we must, most assuredly, conclude that Mozart's *Don Juan* would have been compelled to give way to Rossini's—if not for ever, at least for a very long period.

The following is the real influence exercised by Rossini on the question of opera:—he appealed, with might and main, from the opera to the public; he made this public, with its wishes and its likings, the actual factor of the opera.

Had the operatic public possessed, in the slightest degree, the character and the importance of the people, Rossini would appear in our eyes the most fundamental revolutionist in the domain of art. In the eyes of one portion of society—but a portion which, in its social superfluity and even harm, is simply an unnatural excrescence from the people, and only to be regarded as a cluster of caterpillars, gnawing away the healthy, nutritious leaves of the national tree, from which they derive, at most, but sufficient strength to flutter through an ephemeral and luxurious existence as so many airy and dazzling butterflies—in the eyes of such a cutting from the people, a cutting that, upon a sediment sunk down to filthy coarseness, could only raise itself to vicious elegance, but never to true, beautiful human culture; in fact—to use the right term—in the eyes of our operatic public, Rossini was simply a reactionary, while we are to look upon Gluck and his successors as methodical, conscious, and, as regards their material success, powerless revolutionaries. In the name of the luxurious, but, in fact, sole actual substance of opera, and the consistent development of the same, Joachimo Rossini exercised a reactionary influence against the doctrinaire revolutionary maxims of Gluck, as successfully as Prince Metternich, his great patron, in the name of the inhuman, but, in fact, sole actual substance of the system of European government, and the consistent maintenance of the same, exercised a reactionary influence against the doctrinaire maxims of the liberal revolutionists, who, *within* this system of government, desired, without completely suspending its unnatural essence, to restore the principles of humanity and reason, in the same form that expressed the essence in question. As Metternich, with perfect justice, could not conceive the State otherwise than under absolute monarchy, so, with no less consistency, Rossini only conceived opera under absolute melody. Both said, "Do you want state and opera; here are state and opera for you—there are none other!"

With Rossini ends the real history of opera. It came to an end when the unconscious germ of its being had developed itself to its most naked, conscious fullness; when the musician was recognised as the absolute factor, endowed with unlimited and sovereign power, of this work of art, and the taste of the theatrical public as the only standard of restraint. It came to an end when the pretence of drama, to its very first principles, was practically set on one side; the employment of the most unrestricted vocal virtuosity, most pleasing to the ear, recognised as the only object of the vocalists, and the demands which, in consequence of this, they made on the composer, acknowledged as their unalienable right. It came to an end, when the great musical public could only conceive the substance of the music under the perfectly characterless melody, the structure of musical form in the slipshod connection of the operatic pieces, and the constitution of music, according to the impression it produced, in the narcotic, intoxicating effects of an operatic evening. It came to an end on the day that Rossini, idolized by Europe, and smiling in the voluptuous lap of luxury, thought fit to pay a visit of ceremony to the secluded, morose Beethoven, wrapt up in himself, and accounted half mad—a visit which the latter did not return. What did the longingly rolling, dark eye of the voluptuous

\* Rossini never said any such thing. On the contrary, when entreated by some wise friends to set anew Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, he indignantly rejected the idea.—ED. M. W.

son of Italy perceive, as it involuntarily fell upon the savage brilliancy of his incomprehensible adversary's glance, broken down with pain, sick with aspirations, and yet braving death? Did the fearfully wild locks of the Medusa-head, that no one looked upon without dying, shake themselves at him?—So much is certain, opera died with Rossini.

From the great city of Paris, where the most accomplished connoisseurs and critics cannot yet understand, even at the present day, what difference there can be between two celebrated composers like Beethoven and Rossini, except, perhaps, that the latter directed his heavenly genius to the composition of operas, while the former devoted it to writing symphonies—from this splendid seat of all modern musical wisdom, a wonderful prolongation of life was yet destined to be secured for opera. The attachment to existence retains all its original force in everything that exists. Opera was in existence, like the Byzantine empire, and, exactly like the latter, it will maintain its ground, as long as the unnatural conditions remain and still keep it alive—though inwardly dead—until, at last, visited by the unruly Turks, who once put an end to the Byzantine empire, and were uncouth enough to stall their wild steeds in the glittering and holy church of St. Sophia.

When Spontini looked upon opera as extinct with himself, he was mistaken, from the fact of his considering the "dramatic tendency" of opera as its essential constitution. He forgot the possibility of a Rossini, who might be perfectly able to demonstrate the contrary to him. When Rossini, with far greater right, looked upon opera as ended with himself, he was mistaken in a less degree, it is true, because he had recognised, proved, and obtained universal acknowledgment for the constitution of opera, and thus might conclude he would only be imitated, but that no one would go beyond him. He deceived himself, however, in supposing that out of all the previous directions taken by opera it was impossible to compose a caricature that would be accepted as a new and important form of it, not only by the public, but by artistically critical heads, for, at the most flourishing period of his career, he did not know that the bankers, for whom he had hitherto made music, would ever conceive the notion of turning composers themselves.

O, how vexed was the generally careless *Maestro*, how angry and ill-tempered, at seeing himself surpassed, if not in geniality, at least in the talent of skilfully taking advantage of the public artistic unworthiness! O, how truly was he the *dissoluto punito*, the supplanted courtizan, and with what sullen rage was he filled at this disgrace, when he told the Parisian opera-director, who, during a momentary lull of the wind, invited him to give the Parisians something else, that he would not come back again, before "the Jews had concluded their sabbath!" He must have acknowledged that, as long as the wisdom of God rules the world, everything meets with its punishment, even the sincerity with which he had told people the truth about opera—and he became, to work out his well-merited penance, a fish-monger, and composer for the church!

But it is only by a long and circuitous route that we can arrive at an intelligible exposition of the constitution of the most modern class of opera.

(To be continued.)

**HAMBURG.**—During the four weeks the theatre was kept open by Herr C. A. Sachse for grand opera, there were eleven performances, namely, one of *Don Giovanni*, one of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, one of *Fidelio*, two of *Les Huguenots*, one of *Le Prophète*, one of *Tannhäuser*, one of *Norma*, one of *Martha*, and two of *Guillaume Tell*.

**ST. PETERSBURGH.**—The company of the Imperial Opera-house for next season is composed as follows: Soprani—Mmes. Bosio, Lotti, and Marai; alt.—Mad. Demeris; *seconda donna*—Mad. Tagliafico; tenori—Signors Tamberlik, Calzolari, Bettini; baritones—Romeoni, de Bassini; bass-baritones—Signors Tagliafico, Polonini, Cececoni; bass—Dido; buffo—Lablache. M. Perrôt is ballet-master, and Mdlle. Yella *première danseuse*.

**ROTTERDAM.**—Herr A. C. G. Vermeulen, founder and principal secretary of the *Niederländische Gesellschaft zur Beförderung der Tonkunst*, which celebrated its five-and-twentieth anniversary last year, has been named honorary member of the Royal Society of Arts in Berlin.

## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WHAT an extraordinary man is Daniel Auber! Here he is fast approaching the term of three score years and ten allotted to man, and he produces a new opera as fresh, gay, lively, and brilliant as though he were in the boyhood of existence, instead of enjoying a green old age. As song flows from Béranger in his age, so issues melody from the greatest of French composers. Like Shelley's skylark—

"With his clear keen joyance languor cannot be"—

and most heartily do I pray, Oh! thou creator of some of the most delightful works in the range of music, may

"Shadow of annoyance,  
Never come near thee."

But to my task, which is to give your readers some account of the new opera, the conjoint production of Scribe and Auber—a pair intended by nature for each other—which was produced, for the third time, on Saturday last, at the Opéra-Comique, in presence of a most brilliant audience, including the Emperor and Empress, and a host of notabilities. The scene is laid in England, and both author and composer seem to have continually had before them the happy alliance which now knits the two countries together with bonds stronger than steel. Everything, therefore, is painted *couleur de rose*, and the fair character of your countrymen and countrywomen has seldom been displayed in pleasanter colours. The middle of the last century furnishes the time in which the action is laid. The heroine is "Jenny Bell" (Mdlle. Caroline Duprez), a young orphan, who, early in life, was kindly placed in a boarding-school for education by the Duke of Greenwich (M. Faure). Her benefactor is called from England to fulfil a diplomatic mission of importance, and, while he is busily engaged in discussing protocols and "stumping" the Gortschakoffs and Titoffs of his day with somewhat more adroitness than our diplomatists can now pretend to, Jenny Bell is forgotten and left in poverty and solitude. She adopts the lyric stage as her profession, studies hard, and becomes as celebrated as a future Jenny of the century succeeding. Her name resounds throughout Europe; managers dispute the possession of a prize so great, and kings disdain not to treat for her engagement, as one great power dealing with another.

In the midst of this homage Jenny's benefactor suddenly returns from abroad, presents himself before his *protégée*, and supplicates her to return him his son, Lord Mortimer (M. Delaunay-Ricquier). Jenny, whose virtue is equal to her reputation, declares that she has never seen Lord Mortimer, and cannot restore an affection which she has never possessed. It seems, however, that Lord Mortimer has, like the Lord of Burleigh, assumed a disguise wherein to go a wooing, and, under the guise of a poor composer, sought the advice and protection of the fair Jenny, the all-powerful artiste. No sooner is she acquainted with the fact, than, full of gratitude for the favour she has received at the hands of the father, she determines to cure the son of what that father thinks ill-placed affection, and accordingly treats the disguised composer with harshness and scorn. She sneers at his genius, mocks his talents, laughs at his manners and appearance; nay more, she calumniates herself and vilifies her own character to the man who adores her, and whom she secretly loves. So much devotion deserves a recompense. Touched by the despair of Mortimer, who threatens to blow out his brains, or swallow, like Villikins, a cup of "cold pison," and full of esteem for the conduct of Jenny Bell, the Duke of Greenwich renounces the plan of a great matrimonial alliance which he had arranged for his son, and allows him to marry the artiste. All the world is happy, and Jenny for ever quits that stage on which she had made so great and so well-deserved a reputation.

Such is a sketch of the plot which M. Scribe has prepared with his usual happiness and dexterity. Among the many satellites who circle round the musical planet, he has given us a character, painted with unusual skill, one M. Jones (M. Sainte-Foy), a rich goldsmith, who is so thoroughly convinced of the



power of the metal wherein he deals, that he imagines no artiste can resist his golden gifts, his sparkling diamonds, or his glittering rubies. In speaking of the music, I can but repeat that M. Auber's new opera is as pert, as gay, as charming, and as "young," as those "Crown Diamonds," which many a year ago won the admiration of all Europe. Melody and song are abundant as ever, and the instrumentation is what it ever has been, elegant, graceful, light, and pleasing. Mdlle. Caroline Duprez sings a charming ballad in the first act, with accompaniments for flute and clarinet. M. Sainte-Foy has a comic air, full of character and humour, in which he depicts his riches, and the power they confer, and then follows a duet between him and M. Coudere, who represents a young lord, a friend of Mortimer's, ruined by early extravagance, but gay, light-hearted, and devoted to his friend. Then comes a duet between M. Faure and Mdlle. Caroline Duprez, which concludes with a mazurka movement, so fascinating and airy, that it took the house completely by storm. The first act concludes with a cavatina for M. Ricquier, a trio for him, M. Coudere, and Mdlle. Boulart, and a chorus, accompanied *pianissimo* by the orchestra, on which the voices of Mesdames Duprez and Boulart are—so to speak—embroidered.

M. Coudere opens the second act with a romance equally simple and sweet, "Cette vermeille rose," and then we come to the most effective scene in the opera. It is that in which Jenny Bell corrects the music of the poor and youthful composer, delighted at the expressions of his love, which she partakes, but will not avow. None but an Auber, with his inborn delicacy and appreciation of the natural, could do justice to this scene, where the truest and most ardent affection is met by apparent mocking, and affected incredulity. An air, sang by M. Faure, is followed by an amusing quintette, descriptive of the voluminous and gallant correspondence every day addressed to Jenny Bell by her innumerable admirers; a charming aria, very well sung by Mdlle. Caroline Duprez, and a *finale*, full of life and movement, constitute the principal pieces of the second act.

The third act is English to the back-bone, and sufficiently national even for Lord Moon and his aldermanic coadjutors, who have not arrived in Paris. Both "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" have been worked up into it, and great applause followed a cavatina sung by M. Ricquier, accompanied by a chorus singing your national anthem, *à demi-voix*, in the wings. A charming duet between M. Faure and Mdlle. Caroline Duprez leads up to the *finale*, and the curtain fell amidst loud and long-continued applause.

Mdlle. Caroline Duprez gained fresh laurels. She sang and acted with grace and intelligence. In order to represent a young *prima donna* of great talent, and spotless reputation, she had nothing to learn, and nought to change. She represented with true dramatic feeling the various emotions which nearly suffocated the young *artiste*, who, in the course of the duet, has to answer a love which she secretly reciprocates with sneers and affected contempt. In short, she worthily filled a difficult part, and translated M. Auber's ideas in a manner which left little to desire.

M. Faure, however, had the honours of the evening, and displayed an amount of style and execution in his singing, of heart and vigour in his acting, which left nothing to desire. M. Ricquier was a good Lord Mortimer—ardent, passionate, head-strong, and devoted to the object of his affections. M. Coudere shewed himself, as usual, a brilliant comedian, and an able artist, and M. Sainte Foy, with an "alderman's wig" and full of conceit of wealth, was laughable and absurd. Mdlle. Boulart made a charming soubrette.

Rossini arrived in Paris last week, and could certainly have entered into none of that imaginary conversation about "refusing to enter the peristyle of the opera," which the correspondent of the *Independence Belge* placed in his mouth some weeks ago. He is sick and ailing; but the doctors give every hope of permanent cure. He sees few—and those only his most intimate—friends. His countryman and friend, M. Fiorentino, devotes a great part of his *feuilleton* to him this week, and, as he probably knows Rossini better than any man in Paris, I borrow a few extracts from his article.

He says, that Rossini, though suffering from long continued illness, is still gay and light-hearted. He complains of weakness and almost entire want of sleep, his disease being nervous. He has already recommenced his favourite promenade on the Boulevards, and, clad in a long surtout, with his hands in his breeches pockets, he may be seen sunning himself, and observing the many changes which have been made during his absence. When spoken to of his music, and congratulated on the recent success obtained by *Matilda di Shabran*, he bows, and with polished irony replies: "You are really too good to remember my '*vieilles*.' Such music is *rococo*, and quite gone out of fashion." A few days since a friend recommended him to try animal magnetism, and spoke of a famous somnambulist. "Ah," replied Rossini gaily, "she would ask for some of my hair. I have but five, and each has its name. I can hardly spare one, as I think myself bald enough as it is." He travelled slowly, and by short stages, altogether avoiding the railways, not from fear of accidents, but from a desire to re-visit scenes with which he was familiar, and whose charms would have been lost by a distant peep from the rail.

The Opéra is making preparations, and will shortly produce one of his masterpieces, most likely *Moté*. They will also probably play *Guillaume Tell* and *Le Comte Ory*, which have always kept their place on the French stage.

I see that the Paris correspondent of the *Independence* also asserts that Jenny Lind will probably be induced to forget her scruples and visit Paris during the Exhibition, for the purpose of singing at three concerts. This gentleman is misinformed, for, I believe, I may state with certainty, that Mad. Goldschmidt has refused the numerous and tempting offers which have been made to her, and persists in her refusal to sing at Paris.

Next week will witness the production of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, and, from what I hear, Mdlle. Cruvelli is likely to take the town by storm. The Sardinian company has had a great and well deserved success, and next week I will send you an account of their performance.

#### FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

BERLIN.—Last week was presented, in the Singacademie, the *Tod Abel's*, an oratorio by the late Herr Rungenhagen, formerly director of the institution. The performance was under the direction of Herr Grell. Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach have brought their quartet-soirées to a close in Sommer's Rooms. In the space of about a year, they have given fifty-seven quartets, ten by Haydn, nine by Mozart, six by Beethoven, and the rest by Mendelssohn, Ries, Taubert, Spohr, Stahlnkecht, Fesca, Schumann, Rubinstein, Wendt, and Just. Herr Dorn has gone to Königsberg, where his opera, *Die Nibelungen*, is to be produced, with Mdlle. Johanna Wagner in the principal character.

ELBING.—The Ostpreussisches Singsfest will take place here on the 31st July, 1st and 2nd August.

MÜNICH.—Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli is permanently engaged at the Theatre Royal. On the 24th inst., Lortzing's *Undine* was produced for the first time, without creating any sensation. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and Lachner's *Medea* are about to be produced.

BRUNSWICK.—Mdlle. Johanna Wagner has appeared in *I Montecchi*, *a Capuletti*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Die Nibelungen*, and *Les Huguenots* with great success.

DRESDEN.—The Männergesangsverein, "Orpheus," celebrated last week the anniversary of its foundation in the large hall of Lincke's Baths, which was appropriately decked out for the occasion. The programme consisted of choruses and solo pieces, with and without instrumental accompaniment; among these was "Rule Britannia," an odd choice for Germans at the present moment, unless it is meant as a hint that, in political sentiments, the people differ from their rulers. The whole was under the direction of Herr J. G. Müller.

LEIPZIG.—The manager, Herr Wirsing, has received notice to shut his theatre, on the 1st inst., for three months, it being the intention of the municipal authorities to build an apparatus for warming it.

WEIMAR.—Schumann's opera of *Genoveva* was lately produced here without success, owing, it is said, to the *libretto*, which is by Schumann himself.

BRESLAU.—Miss Lydia Thompson, who has already created a sensation in Berlin and in Dresden, is engaged to dance here for a limited number of nights.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAMBRIDGE.—*Mr. Graeff Nichols, the flautist, is resident in London. He performs occasionally in public. The last time we heard him was at Signor Operti's concert, where he played with much success.*

MR. THORNE HARRIS.—*His communication has been attended to.*  
MR. CHARLES THOMAS.—*Next week.*

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9TH, 1855.

WE have elsewhere inserted a statement of Mr. G. F. Anderson, from which those who take the pains to read it will be enabled to draw their own conclusions. Whether Mr. Hill or Mr. Anderson is in the right, it is not our intention to discuss at present. We have formed our opinion; but shall keep it a secret, unless circumstances compel us to adopt another line of proceeding.

Meanwhile we would address a word of advice to the Master of Her Majesty's Private Band, who seems to entertain as strong an aversion to the independent expression of opinion on the part of the press as some others of higher (political) importance than himself. We counsel Mr. Anderson, in the best good feeling, not to attempt at meddling with the affairs of any writers connected with this journal. If a sort of menace, recently conveyed by him to a gentleman who justly enjoys a high influence in its management—a menace to the effect, that the Hon. Colonel Phipps might possibly bring an action for libel against *The Musical World*—be authorized, we are sorry Colonel Phipps should labour under the delusion that such an action would stand. We cannot believe, however, that it was authorised. We are more inclined to think, had there been any reasonable plea for a suit at law, that Mr. Anderson would have instituted one himself. But there was no plea, and we defy him. What has been said about the Hon. Col. Phipps, in the course of this long and obstinate controversy between Mr. Anderson and certain members of Her Majesty's Private Band? Absolutely nothing. Why, then, should that highly respected gentleman's name be brought forward, to point a threat directed against ourselves?

If Mr. Anderson has a good memory (of which we have little doubt), we entreat him to cast a backward glance at the year 1853. Certain names and faces might suggest themselves to his imagination, which, if properly viewed and considered, would present him with an illustration of the wholesome axiom—*Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.*

Mr. Anderson may contemplate actions at law against whom he pleases—*except ourselves.* We are forbearing to a degree, and can forget and forgive; but events may arise which would render it sheer stupidity to do either one or the other. We have no wish whatever to pick a quarrel with Mr. Anderson; but we tell him plainly, and once for all, that we shall not wink at any endeavour on his part to interfere with the editorial department of this paper. Whatever we have written—and that is little enough, by the way—we are prepared to justify. We have refrained from taking either side of the discussion, from motives purely disinterested—motives which Mr. Anderson ought to have, but apparently has not, the good sense to appreciate. If he imagines for one moment that he can succeed in frightening us from what we consider our strict duty as public journalists,

and especially as representatives of the interest and promoters of the welfare of the musical profession, let him be undeceived at once. We care not a fig for him or his influence. *The Musical World* does not address itself to courts and cliques; its aim is wider, and it looks for support to one of the most numerous and estimable classes of the community. It will tolerate no humbug, no jobbery, no injustice; and it has more at heart to protect and help the neediest member of the profession, who may not be able to afford even the price of a weekly copy, when help or protection demanded, than to portray the doings of the really great, or minister to the vanity of the fortunate.

Mr. Anderson forgets that he is a public man, and that his conduct as a public man is open to criticism. He is a director of the Philharmonic Society, and a principal second fiddle in the orchestra; we are, therefore, justified in telling the world how, in our opinion, he directs, and how (little) he fiddles. If we are not afraid when truth compels to call Mr. Gye, the manager of that enormous establishment which feeds five hundred people, before the bar of public opinion, why should we fear to exercise the same privilege with regard to Mr. Anderson, who compared in his public capacity to Mr. Gye is a pigmy? Mr. Gye, if he had a complaint against *The Musical World*, would communicate directly with the editor. He would disdain to address himself to a third party, even if he imagined that third party had the power of *dismissing the Editor at his pleasure.* Nor if Mr. Gye had been known to describe *The Musical World* repeatedly as "that blackguard paper," would he have condescended, on whatever pretext, to confer with any of its contributors—any of its staff, indeed, from the proprietor down to the humblest "penny-a-liner." Mr. Gye would very properly treat a paper which he had proclaimed a "blackguard paper" with the contempt that, in his estimation, it merited. We cannot abide inconsistency, and yet we are going, just now, to be inconsistent. We subjoin a letter, headed "Principal and Deputy," which has been forwarded to our office with no card and no name, but simply initials—"R. S." We subjoin it, and thereby break a rule which we have set ourselves, and therein are inconsistent, although we hate inconsistency; we subjoin it, because the letter is a *defence of Mr. Anderson*—an incoherent one, it is true, but a *defence.* Respecting the writer's method of punctuation—which surrounds his arguments with a certain halo of indefiniteness—we print the letter *verbatim et literatim.* We wish Mr. Anderson joy of his advocate, whoever that advocate may be, and reserve to ourselves the right of "italicising" and otherwise typically displaying certain parts of his epistle, for the sake of giving them additional force:

## PRINCIPAL AND DEPUTY.

SIR,—Having read several Letters on this subject in the late Numbers of the *Musical World* which have evidently been written with a view to cast Odium upon the character of an Individual who certainly has done much good in a business point of view in promoting the welfare of some of our Musical Institutions and lending a helping hand to many a young Artist who now occupies a prominent position in the Musical Profession, such conduct is to speak in the mildest terms ungrateful. It is a strange thing (but not more strange than true) that any individual who takes a prominent part in the management of a musical Society is always suspected of doing it from interested motives, he is an object of envy and jealousy, some individual with a great name is anxious to enjoy the Patronage that a clique thinks he possesses, the Press is not unfrequently INSTRUCTED to find fault with his management, grave and serious charges are whispered about among the Members as going to be brought against him, He is blamed for not doing this or for having done what he considers the most advantageous to the interest of the society, for much as may be said of



the wisdom and management of Committees, it must be *ONE MIND* that must direct the whole machine either for good or for evil. Principals and Deputies exist in all musical communities and where is the Principal that has not sent his Deputy or that accepts of a situation at a weekly or Annual Salary that does not stipulate in his engagement that he is to be allowed to do so, a first rate Performer on the Violin is often obliged to accept of an engagement at a Theatre from 20/ to 30/ per week, where his regular Concert Terms would be One or Two Guineas per night, but Oratorios and Philharmonic Concerts do not come every night although they generally come altogether the first or last week in the month and as we have three Rooms we not unfrequently have two on the same Evening but this is done no doubt for the accommodation of the Public and the benefit of the Profession Principals and Deputies, but of course the managements reap the benefit? especially as the Public are all Free Traders and the Performers Protectionists. In conclusion I think we should have more harmony in the Musical World if every man would but attend to his own department OPERA CONDUCTORS THEIR OPERAS, Band Masters their Bands, Oratorio Conductors their Oratorios, and let the Philharmonic Directors choose one from their own body as a Conductor, Parsons, Bootmakers, and Tailors their own business all then will be calm again

Yours &c R. S.

You see, reader, Mr. Anderson is allowed to enjoy the benefits conferred by his defenders—who, in opposition to the tactics of his opponents, *write anonymously*. Anonymous letters are worse, by a great deal, than inconsistency; and we would not consent to write one for all the gold in Australia. On this point, however, there are differences of opinion.

In taking leave of Mr. Anderson, and retiring once more (like Austria) into our normal condition of neutrality, we again warn him not to tread on dangerous ground; or the boot may fit the other leg, the action lie the other way. But a word to the wise is sufficient. Mr. Anderson, although he did bring over Herr Richard Wagner, and almost swamp the Philharmonic Society, is wise enough, we have little doubt, where his own personal interests are concerned.

P. S.—It is worth noting that the envelope in which the letter of "R. S." was enclosed, bore the impress of "Apsley House," upon the usual place allotted to the seal. As there was no wax, however, but merely gum, and as the style of the letter is illiterate, we have no suspicion whatever that the Duke of Wellington wrote it.

At length the Monster Organ at Liverpool has been "opened"—to use the technology proper to such occasions. On Tuesday, in last week, the instrument having been declared complete, a public demonstration of its qualities took place at the hands of its designer, Dr. Wesley, who, of course, if anybody, should know its best exhibit points. Well, the nine days wonder is over; we have at last heard the St. George's Hall Organ, and cannot say that we are, in the smallest degree, either surprised or disappointed. We had no opportunity of inspecting its interior, and, therefore, can say nothing, at present, at least, of the manner in which the work has been executed. Surmising, however, on two very rational data—namely the builder's "antecedents," and the outrageous puff, quoted in the *Musical World* some time since, which heralded the completion of his work—we have no very brilliant anticipations as to this portion of the matter. At least, when we have the privilege of examination, we shall suffer no disappointment in not discovering in the Liverpool mechanism any indication of that "engineering" ability which Mr. Willis seems so anxious to claim, and for which—unless thoroughly able to establish it—he has very infelicitously chosen Liverpool as a parade ground. In a place abounding in mechanical engineers of the first class, and where steam machinery of the grandest dimensions is a staple manufacture, it is rather dangerous for an organ-

builder to talk big in print about "opposition-surface valves," and other mis-called contrivances of a like nature.

But if we did not see the St. George's organ, we at least heard it; and if we *did* hear it—that is to say, if we heard it in all its phases of variety—if we really heard all it is capable of, then are our predictions confirmed almost to the letter. In its whole mass, the power of tone is necessarily great. It would be difficult, indeed, to construct an organ with some hundred and odd stops, that should not emit a very considerable noise in so resonant a building as St. George's Hall. But our question is of the sort, not of the amount, of power. In examining the printed scheme of the organ, we declared that, considering its extent, it exhibited an extraordinary absence of provision for novel and striking effect. We said that, in point of fact, it was little else than two or three large church organs, of ordinary and similar capacity, rolled into one; and the result when heard is curiously in accordance with this anticipation. The full organ is abundantly *strong*, but wants character. Again—as with Mr. Willis's organ at the Exhibition of 1851—it is extremely difficult to know whether the reeds are drawn or not. This is extraordinary, considering their number. It is, of course, possible that, on this occasion all the reeds were not finished, or, at least, were not used. We can only speak of what we heard. The organ was announced to be *complete*; and we had the best possible reason for supposing that, on one or two occasions, during the performance, the *full* organ was used. If so, the reeds are lamentably deficient in power and brilliancy, and in no degree balance the rest of the work. The pedal organ, again—repeatedly vaunted as "the finest in Europe"—is distinctly a failure—that is to say, with our previous reservation—if we heard it in a complete state. Nothing remarkable could we gather from it, except the muffled thunder of the 32-foot pipes; for all the rest we have repeatedly heard surpassed in this country—to say nothing of the Continent—by the pedal-work of organs of vastly inferior pretensions. Dr. Wesley appeared, on this occasion, either somewhat to mistrust his instrument, or disinclined to give the rein to his fancy in testing the variety of its capabilities. His performance was, as it ever is, admirably pure, chaste, and masterly; but, considering that this organ is to challenge the world, and that, above all things, it is intended as a *concert-organ*—(or if not, why place it in St. George's Hall!)—we think he should have done more to display any distinctive character it may happen to possess. As it is, we are really unable to record more than the following four points, which struck us as at all approaching excellence,—namely, that the diapasons of the great organ are extremely rich and full; that there is a very good solo reed of the trumpet species in the swell; that there is an effective specimen of large-scaled clarinet—we presume in the solo-organ; and that there is a very pretty and bright flute combination—we suppose in the choir organ.

We do not offer this as any detailed or sufficient account of the Liverpool organ,—we can merely give the impressions created by what we heard. Shortly, however, we shall have an opportunity of minutely examining the instrument, and will offer our readers the benefit of the result at the earliest opportunity.

THE letters of Professor Praeger (of Hamm) seem to have produced much the same effect upon our American contemporary, *The New York Musical Gazette*, as a certain trio upon a certain orchestral society (not the Orchestral Union)

in this metropolis. "Drei-Sterner Plauderein" has killed the *Gazette*, with missiles directed from London and Paris. The unfortunate journal has been swamped outright; and in the act of dissolution has made over its name and birth-(copy)-right to *The New Musical Review*, which, swelled in importance by the addition to its title of the words "*and Gazette*," has assumed a perter style, and from a dead flat, which it was, has (thanks chiefly to \*\*) become as lively and pugnacious as a rat. It bites. It stings. It fumes at the mouth—"frothing with ear-ache," we suppose, like "R," under the infliction of Meyerbeer. "Giacomo," as usual, is severely handled by the Hammish Aristarchus, whose letters (what indignity!) are now printed in small type. No matter what is the immediate subject, Meyerbeer is lugged in by the ears. Professor Praeger likes not much M. Fétis, because—read and learn:—

"We confess frankly that the director of the Belgian Conservatory is not a man with whom we sympathise personally. We have not forgiven him the pedantic manner in which he analysed the immortal work of Beethoven; we have never forgotten that this historian took occasion to find fault with Beethoven, at the same time exalting Meyerbeer in a ridiculous manner. It is true that it is most difficult to escape the nets spread for all critics by this latter composer; it requires an independence beyond all temptation not to be overcome by the graciousness and assiduities of the Signor Giacomo. We are confident that if the composer of the *Star of the North* had been sent to Sebastopol, in place of Canrobert, it would have been taken long ago—always provided some unconquered critics had been behind its walls. We have also some fault to find with the learned musical biographer, that he has somewhat abused his quality as half-Flamand, in borrowing from German authorities, such as Marx, etc., and forgetting to give any credit therefor; a literary theft he has been able to commit with impunity, since the public for which he wrote are even at our day ignorant of anything which transpired beyond the Rhine."

Unhappy Meyerbeer! Why does not the composer of the *Huguenots* make a handsome offer to this "unconquered critic," or, at least, endeavour to effect his conquest by means of the usual "graciousness and assiduities?" We will answer for it that Professor Praeger does not boast the requisite "independence beyond all temptation." Brandus and Co. to the rescue!

It seems the Professor was at the Royal Italian Opera on the first night of *Fidelio*, when the Empress and Emperor of the French were the guests of our Queen and Prince. If so, he must—like the knight in *Morte Arthur*, who smote Balin le Savage on the cheek, at the feast—be endowed with the gift of rendering himself invisible, since by mortal eye he could not be seen, being, like the Spanish fleet, "out of sight." There he *must* have been, however, for he has furnished an account of the ceremonial—a very severe account; and who would dare suggest that the criticism of so very "independent" a writer—a writer "Giacomo" himself has failed to seduce—was perhaps composed *ad libitum*, without having attended the performance? We will not undertake to arraign the Professor. Far from it. We believe he was present—but invisible; as the transcendent beauties of *Tannhäuser* are imperceptible, except to the privileged ears of "the Future." The man of Hamm was at the Opera, invisible—and, invisible, feared no man—and, fearing no man, writ as follows:—

"Since my last, the Italian Opera at Covent Garden has commenced its season with a new *prima donna*, Mad. Ney-Bürde, from Dresden, who has a fine voice and a good method, but lacks both feeling and artistic mind to make her a first-rate artist; being, at the same time, anything but prepossessing, she is not likely to prove a great attraction. *Le Comte Ory* has always been an unsuccessful opera; *Fidelio* wanted so much, that it will be better to state what it *had* only—and that was Formes, whose dramatic talent came out to great advantage

in the rôle of Rocco, and a certain coarseness in his singing did not harm the character of the blunt and rather blustering jailer. All else was pitiful, and Costa's mistakes as to time and movement were not the least of the drawbacks."

Poor Costa! Preserve us from invisible critics! Give us rather one visible, tangible, and fat—like M. Janin. Had the Professor been "conquered" by Meyerbeer, however, he would, doubtless, have possessed the wherewithal to buy a ticket, and boldly entered the theatre, instead of flitting by the checktakers—invisible. What place did the Professor, who though invisible was yet substantial, occupy? Every seat was filled; and still he was not seen. Perhaps he was suspended in the air, between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin. We may, however, whisper a word in the ear of our Yankee contemporary, who presents all this splutter to his readers:—the "pitiful" performance in question was simply one of the best ever heard of Beethoven's romantic opera. *Credat Judæus*!—"pitiful," indeed, and that to a man (from Hamm) whose *beau idéal* of a theatre, until he came to London with "the books," was the *Gasthof* at Padderborn.

Mr. Henry Smart, and his new opera, are dealt a little filip in advance, which little filip is accompanied by a gross insult levelled at Mr. Smart's uncle, the excellent and universally-esteemed Sir George:—

"A new opera by H. Smart is in promise. We shall hear it and see whether H. Smart has any more pretensions to fame than that of being a nephew of Sir George Smart, who *again* dates his celebrity from one noisy evening at court, where reeling royalty indulged in playing ball with knighthoods, one of which most innocently hit the good old gentleman, and made him what he is—"a Sir!"

Sir George was a *young* man when he was knighted!

We assisted at the first performance of Mr. Smart's opera; and so of course did "Drei Sterner;" but he was "*again*" invisible. The Yankee editor will have a notice of the performance, however, for all that.

But now for the Wagner part of the letter, which, as usual, is an unblushing mixture of effrontery, bad English, worse criticism, and contempt of truth:—

"The third concert of the Old Philharmonic has been given; and began with Mendelssohn's so-called Italian Symphony (written for the Society). It is not his best work, and the first movement and scherzo are as void of heartfelt music as some of his *Lieder ohne Worte*; it is 'made' music—aye, ready-made, and he might have gone on a great while longer in the same strain, without getting excited; but here it is sacrilege to meddle with Mendelssohn. Wagner conducted the symphony in white kid gloves, and took them off immediately after, as he never wears them, although it is almost a law here for the conductor. Notwithstanding that, the symphony went better than we have yet heard it, although Wagner would have preferred the so-called Scotch symphony, which is an infinitely superior work. The overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Deux Journées*, as well as the C minor (Beethoven's) symphony, came out with indescribable newness and effect, making, so to speak, the music *al fresco*. It is not enthusiasm which leads us to qualify him as founder of a new era in conducting music; we have heard all that could be heard within the last twenty-five years, and have yearned for and dreamed of a nobler state of things than a living metronome at the head of an orchestra, but did not believe it practicable to make it such a tool to the individual will as Wagner does; and it requires such a master-mind, such a brain, firm will, and enthusiasm to carry the principle out. The singing was very indifferent, and Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in B flat, although performed with much purity and correctness by Lindsay Sloper, was again a proof that here the name is the thing—the composition being quite unworthy of Beethoven's name, and was a child's work even when written: as the piano, as an instrument, is miserably treated *à la roccoco*, and the concerto altogether deserves to sleep on the Philharmonic shelves. Beethoven would disown it as he did works of much more sterling worth; as, for example, his Septet, which he called "Eine verfluchte Composition, gut in's Feuer zu werfen," (a composition, only good to be thrown into the fire.) For the fourth concert Mozart's symphony in E flat was fixed on, and Wagner's

*Tannhäuser* overture, but since then the directors altered it to a symphony, by Mr. Lucas (one of the directors), and Weber's *Ruler of Spirits*, a youthful and weak attempt. Fortunately, Mr. Lucas will conduct the child of his own fancy, and Beethoven's *A* major symphony will be brought up in the rear by Richard Wagner. *Credat Judæas!*

#### *Credat Judæus!*

The "first movement and *scherzo* of the *A* major symphony" are "as void of heartfelt music as some of the *Lieder ohne Worte*!"—we believe it, but *no more*. "The symphony went better than he (\*\*) ever heard it!"—with what peculiar ears he must be endowed. Midas himself was a judge to him; and, by the way, in giving the palm to Pan instead of to Apollo, Midas not more richly merited his ears than Professor Drei-Sterner Plauderein Præger of Hamm, his ears, for preferring Herr Wagner to Mendelssohn. Weber's overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*, too, is "a youthful and weak attempt." O Gemini!

The New Philharmonic (in spite of Richard Wagner), comes in for a vast amount of praise at the expense of the other:—

"The chorus had been well drilled, and contains much better voices; we mentioned before that this department receives special attention from the conductor, Dr. Wylde, who, without doubt, may be counted the best English conductor. The orchestra has several advantages over that of their "Elders," having excellent flutes, clarinets, and oboes; whilst at the Old house two of those instruments are in the hands of directors; and although in some things it is a praise being an old hand at anything, in their case it would be wise to give up the art, as it has given them up long ago."

From which a conclusion may be drawn that the overture will not be performed at the Concerts of Mr. Alfred Mellon, in St. Martin's Hall, but at those of the New Philharmonic Society. We hope Berlioz will take care of it. The two obnoxious "wind instruments," whom the art has "given up long ago," are Mr. Card (flute) and Mr. Williams (clarinet)!

Thus much at present for the Hamm Professor, who, besides enjoying the gift of ubiquity—being \* and "Plauderein," in Paris and in London, at one and the same moment—is also able, at will, and for the satisfaction of his friends, to make himself invisible.

**SIGNOR CAMPANA'S MATINEE.**—The Dudley Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, was crowded, on Monday, with rank and fashion, when Signor Campana gave a morning concert, by permission of Lord Ward. The programme, with one exception, was devoted to vocal music, the exception being a performance on the harp, by Mr. John Thomas, of Parish Alvars' "Imitazione del Mandolino." The singers were Mesdames Clara Novello, Gassier, M. Gassier, Signors Belletti, Bettini, Marras, Ciabatta, and Pinsuti. Of the thirteen pieces of which the programme was composed, no less than seven were the compositions of Signor Campana. This was unusual, and might have been thought overdone, but that their merit disarmed objections. Of the seven, we, as well as the audience, were most pleased with the *aria*, "Vola il tempo," sung by Signor Belletti, and the *romanza*, "Amami," by Signor Bettini. Both are excellent; the first, a capital barytone air, the second, a very expressive and graceful song for a tenor voice. The company was too aristocratic to applaud, but the sensation they produced was decided. Madame Gassier sang a romance by Donizetti, a *Walzer* by Venezano, a duet with M. Gassier, besides joining in some concerted music. Madame Clara Novello introduced a *romanza* from *Maseppa* (an opera by Signor Campana), and Signor Ciabatta sang the air, "Melincolia," by the same composer. Signors Pilotti, Fiori, and Campana, conducted.

MR. LEIGHTON WALTER, whose *début* at the Strand Theatre we noticed some time since, appeared on Monday last at the

Haymarket, in the part of Glavis in the *Lady of Lyons*. His success was decided. His "presence" and appearance are greatly in his favour, and we shall be much disappointed if Mr. Leighton Walter does not become a real credit to the stage.

**ROSSINI AND MADAME BOSIO.**—Rossini was taken by a friend to see the gallery of portraits by Pierson, the photographer of Paris. His attention was attracted by the portrait of Madame Bosio in the character of Mathilda di Shabran. "Ah!" exclaimed Rossini, "c'est la petite fauvette dont on m'a tant parlé, et qui chante ma musique si bien; il faut m'en faire une copie." ("Ah! it is the little thrush of whom I have heard so much, and who sings my music so well; I must have a copy.") Nor was this the only sally to which his visit to the photographer's portrait gallery gave rise. During his visit M. Pierson contrived to take a likeness of the "*gran maestro*" himself, without his being aware of it. Rossini's astonishment was great when it was shown him. "Ah!" said he, "vous m'avez joué un très mauvais tour." ("Ah! you played me an ill turn.") "Sexagenarians," observed a bystander, "are rarely more brilliant."

**JETTY TREFFZ IN PARIS.**—(From a Correspondent.)—"Veni, Vidi, Vici," should be the motto of Jetty Treffz. Her career in Paris has already been most successful. She is regarded, in a different style, as a second Madame Sabatier, "the *fauvette*" of the aristocratic saloons of Paris. Her *lied*-singing has enchanted the Parisians; and Mendelssohn's songs, interpreted by Jetty, have become the rage.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S concert is announced to take place on Wednesday next, and from the programme, which we have just seen, we have no doubt it will be, as usual, one of the most successful of the season. An excellent orchestra has been provided under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. Mr. Sloper will, in addition to other pianoforte pieces, play Mozart's Concerto in *D* minor. Mr. Benedict will be the accompanist at the pianoforte.

**HERR PAUER'S CONCERT.**—The Hanover Square rooms were thronged, on Friday evening week, by an attentive and discriminating audience, on the occasion of the annual concert of Herr Pauer, whose talent both as composer and pianist is well known. On the present occasion a new symphony, from his pen, was produced with complete success. Though characterised by certain reminiscences of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, it is a remarkably spirited and musician-like work, and instrumented for the orchestra with equal knowledge and effect. The slow movement gave, perhaps, the greatest satisfaction, although every part of the symphony received well-merited applause. Herr Pauer's performance of Hummel's concerto in *A* flat was first-rate. He must be praised for introducing this charming work once more in a concert room, where it has not been heard for some time, although its merits are admitted by all pianists. Both in the performance of Herr Pauer's symphony and in the accompaniment to the concerto, Mr. Mellon's skill as a conductor, and the excellence of his band, were conspicuously demonstrated. The vocalists were Mdlle. Emile Krall (from Venice), who sang the grand *scena* from *Der Freischütz* with energy and passion; Miss Dolby, who in Haydn's "Spirit Song" was all that could be desired; Herr Reichardt, whose chaste and artistic singing in "Dalla sua pace" (*Don Giovanni*) has been more than once noticed; and the London Deutscher-Männer-Chor, a body of male singers trained by Herr Pauer, who gave with considerable effect Mendelssohn's chorus, "Zur rossprangenden Flur," from *Edipus in Colonus*, and two choruses from *Antigone*, by the same composer. In addition to the above, Herr Reichardt sung, with great expression, a charming romance by Blumenthal, "Rappelle toi," and the band, under the direction of Mr. Mellon, also played the overture to *Égmont*, by Beethoven, and Auber's sparkling *Zanetta*, which brought the concert to a brilliant conclusion.

MR. AGUILAR has announced a *Matinée Musicale* at Willis's Rooms on Thursday next, under distinguished patronage, on which occasion he will be assisted by Madame Bockholtz-Falconi, Madame Ferrari, Signor Ferrari, M. Miranda, Signor Ciabatta, Herr Ernst, Signor Piatti, Mr. Pratten, and Mr. Frank Mori.



## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Norma* was repeated for the second time on Saturday, and the performance was altogether admirable. *Il Trovatore* had been announced, but the continued illness of Madlle. Jenny Ney necessitated the substitution of Bellini's opera. The subscribers, however well-affected towards Signor Verdi's new work, could not reasonably grumble, considering that Mad. Grisi thus unexpectedly appeared in one of her most popular characters.

On Monday—an extra night—*Lucrezia Borgia* was given for the first time this season. The performance was one of the finest we have seen for years, Madame Grisi and Signor Mario singing better than last season—as was generally allowed—and acting as well as ever. Signor Tamburini, too, who resumed his original part of the Duke, exhibited all his dramatic vigour, and in the trio of act the second—which makes no great demands on the barytone voice—was almost equal to his best days. Mdlle. Nantier Didiée made a very interesting Maffeo Orsini, and obtained an encore in the "Brindisi." In the subordinate parts of Gubetta and Astolfo, Signors Tagliafico and Polonini, as usual, were excellent. Although a non-subscription night, every box and stall was occupied. The theatre indeed was inconveniently full.

The second performance of *Don Giovanni* on Tuesday was, in some respects, an improvement on the first. Nevertheless, it was far from perfect. At such an establishment as the Royal Italian Opera, a complete and efficient execution of such a work is naturally looked for. This has not yet been obtained, although the theatre has now existed nine years, and every year *Don Giovanni* has been given at least two or three times. No doubt, much difficulty exists in providing adequate representatives of the numerous characters, almost every one of which require a first-rate performer; but even when the cast was irreproachable—as it was a few years ago at the Royal Italian Opera—the directors did not consider the work of sufficient importance to provide, with any especial liberality, the accessories of scenery, dresses, and decorations. Worse than all, the music was never sufficiently rehearsed, and, up to the last performance of Tuesday, the chorus has been invariably incompetent. What the directors of the Royal Italian Opera might do with *Don Giovanni*—considering the immense resources at their command—we need not point out. Had but half the pains and care been expended in getting up the greatest of all dramatic lyric works, as have been taken with *La Favorita*, *Rigoletto*, or *Il Trovatore*, a fortune would have been made. The success of *Henry VIII.* at the Princess's, and the principal cause of its success, might furnish a significant hint. What would not Mr. Charles Kean do with the *mise-en-scène* of *Don Giovanni*, if he had to produce it, even with an indifferent company? The ball-room scene and the supernatural effects of the last *finale*, might be made really to "surpass anything ever before produced on the stage," and *Don Giovanni* would attract all London for a season.

Of the performances on Tuesday little need be said. Madame Rüdersdorf again appeared as Donna Anna, and again sang so slow as to spoil the effect of all the concerted music in which she sang. That Madame Rüdersdorf can sing was abundantly shewn in the grand air, "Or sai chi l'onore," which displayed no small ability; but, in the ensemble singing, her dragging the time was fatal. It is a pity that Madame Rüdersdorf cannot hear herself, or she would surely attempt a remedy.

Madame Bosio was as fascinating as on the first night in Zerlina, and sang all her music, if possible, still more exquisitely. She was encored in "La ci darem"—with Signor Tamburini—"Batti, batti," and "Vedrai Carino," the last, however, not accepted.

Signor Mario was again encored in "Il mio tesoro." Ottavio is a mere walking gentleman; but even in such a part, Signor Mario appears to advantage. No one can look more like a gentleman.

Signor Tamburini's *Don Giovanni* was as inimitable as ever. The last scene with the ghost was superb. The supper, by the way, was better set than the first night; but much yet remains to be done. The demons should descend with *Don Giovanni*, not remain behind, since they are supposed to carry him away to the

infernal regions. The lights, too, should go out on the entrance of the ghost, as the stage is darkened. Moreover, no ladies should appear at the supper table, and no servants should be in attendance, except Leporello. Don Giovanni is supping alone, and Leporello is waiting upon him. This was Da Ponte's meaning; and Mozart's intention. The introduction of ladies and liveried waiters is an Italian innovation—unwarranted and useless. We hope to see all this amended.

The *Huguenots* was given, for the first time this season, on Thursday—an extra night. The performance was hardly up to the usual mark. The chorus was unsteady and exhibited a want of power in the two first acts, and the band was not always irreproachable. The acting and singing of Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, however, made amends for all deficiencies. We have seldom, of late years, heard Madame Grisi in finer voice. The music, certainly, lies in the middle register, and does not tax her upper notes, which have alone suffered from time. Nevertheless, there was a freshness in the quality and a certainty in the intonation that occasionally reminded one of former days. Signor Mario's voice really seems to have improved by his transatlantic trip. He never sang with more ease and power in the septet, and his voice, throughout, was under the most perfect control. The duet with Madame Grisi, after the "Conspiracy" scene, was magnificently sung and acted by both.

Herr Formes was as graphic and powerful as ever in the old Huguenot soldier, a part which he has made entirely his own. The famous "Piff paff" song was given with stentorian force, and loudly applauded. The fine duet in the *Pré aux clercs* scene was splendidly sung by the great German *basso* and Madame Grisi. In the last scene, Herr Formes appeared as a great actor no less than as a great singer.

Madame Nantier Didiée filled the part of Urbano, the page, admirably; but why omit the song preceding the entrance of Raoul? Is it because it was written expressly for Alboni? Mdlle. Angri sang it, and Mdlle. de Meric, and neither have done more justice to it than Madame Nantier Didiée.

Mdlle. Marai sang the music of Marguerite de Valois very charmingly, but looked rather pretty than queenly. Signor Tagliafico's Nevers and Signor Polonini's St. Bris were both careful and artistic performances. A new tenor, Signor Albicini, made his *début* as the first Huguenot soldier, in the solos of the "Rataplan" chorus. He has a small voice, but a good deal of pretension.

*Il Trovatore*, greatly to the delight of the subscribers, will be repeated to-night, Mdlle. Jenny Ney having recovered from her indisposition. We trust soon to hear this lady in Donna Anna.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT AND MISS COLE gave their Second Concert of Classical Chamber Music on Monday evening, at Willis's Rooms. The programme was no less attractive than that of the first, comprising, among other pieces, Beethoven's grand quintet in E flat, Op. 16—executed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert (piano), Mr. Williams (clarinet), Mr. Horton (oboe), Mr. Standen (horn), and Mr. Waetzig (bassoon); and the same composer's pianoforte sonata, in the same key—performed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert. The selection of the two important *morceaux* from the same master, and both in the same key, did not exhibit that talent for variety and contrast so essential to making up a programme. The capital manner in which they were played, however, and their collocation in the two different parts, conciliated criticism, and prevented any monotony of effect. Another good piece in the concert, was one of Mendelssohn's four-part songs, correctly and effectively sung by Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Cole, Mr. J. Parry Cole, and Mr. Bolton. Among the novelties was a "Clavier-Stück" for pianoforte—the composition of Mr. Bennett Gilbert, played admirably by Mr. Alfred Gilbert. A canzonet, "When I behold"—written expressly for and sung by Mrs. Alfred Gilbert—by Cullum, and, as the bills expressed it, "kindly accompanied by the composer," was another novelty. The fair sisters, Mrs. Alfred Gilbert and Miss Cole, introduced various other songs, and gave two duets, by Messrs. Henry Smart and G. Macfarren—"The Gondolier" and "Fairy Ring"—with their usual neatness of style and unaffected manner.

## DRAMATIC.

**HAYMARKET.**—The new and long-announced opera, *Berta; or, the Gnome of Hartsberg*, by Mr. Henry Smart, was brought out on Saturday, and, in spite of many drawbacks, achieved an eminent success. The music, ingenious and elaborate amidst all its spontaneity, requires a large and efficient orchestra to do it justice. Unfortunately the orchestra at the Haymarket is neither one nor the other, and Mr. Smart's new work was, in consequence, in a great measure sacrificed. True, he was not compelled to produce his opera at the Haymarket, nor was Mr. Buckstone bound to engage a large body of instrumentalists; but it would have been better if the first had not been, or if the last could have been effected.

*Berta; or, the Gnome of Hartsberg* has yet to be heard, and, when heard to advantage, we have little doubt it will become one of our standard English works for the stage. Unfortunately, a greater obstacle stands in the way of this than any deficiency in vocal and instrumental means; viz., the absurdity of the *libretto*, which must have been written when Mr. Fitzball was in one of his most fantastic moods. To describe the plot clearly is impossible, and to describe it at all not easy. A certain Baron Valour (Mr. Weiss), had a *roué* father, who, under the guise of a Gnome, used to allure damsels to a cave. A son is born of one of these. That son is Valour, who, fancying himself illegitimate, leaves his native land and turns soldier. Receiving a letter, written by his father on his death-bed, which assures him that his mother had been really married to the Baron, though she had sworn to conceal the fact, he hastens home to take possession of his rank and title. Michael (Mr. Sims Reeves), ranger of the forest, who has formerly saved Valour's life, loves Berta (Mrs. Sims Reeves), who, because of a dream, refuses to marry him. Valour overhears this refusal, and resolves to aid his preserver. By a device he makes Michael pass for the real Baron, and then arrests him on suspicion of theft. He then tries the constancy of Berta, who comes from the ordeal true as gold; by a second device, which we could not clearly comprehend, Valour has the pair conveyed to the Gnome's cave; and, by a third, still more incomprehensible, the cave is transformed into a magnificent hall, where the preparations for the betrothal of Berta and Michael are going forward. But if the plot is absurd, the verses are still more so. Never were rhymes less suited for music, since, independent of sense, they are neither flowing nor euphonious, but hard and rugged as granite.

Such were the difficulties Mr. Henry Smart had to encounter. The wonder is, how he could have succeeded in producing music so beautiful and full of variety. That he has succeeded, there can be no doubt. The opera is full of beauties, and of the highest order. The melodies are striking and happy, and the instrumentation full, varied, and rich. Some of the ballads are likely to attain great popularity, although they are the last things in the score we would point to as evidences of Mr. Smart's talents. The song, sung by Michael, "In vain I would forget thee," and "Sad was the hour," belong to the modern school, but are treated with the hands of a master. They were sung to perfection by Mr. Sims Reeves, and rapturously encored. "Methinks I hear the merry bells" is a gem—novel, quaint, and charming. It was given with much archness and spirit by Miss Harriet Gordon, and also encored. The music of *Berta* is more florid and difficult, and greatly taxes the singer. Mrs. Sims Reeves, nevertheless, although hardly recovered from a severe cold, sang admirably, and sustained the character with unflagging energy to the last. In the part of Michael there is little to act, and no situation to take the audience by surprise. The interest of the character lies in the singing, and in this respect Mr. Sims Reeves was all that could be desired. We have seldom, indeed, listened to purer and more unaffected singing than in the ballad, we have mentioned. A splendid duet in the last scene, between Michael and Berta, was the most perfect performance of the evening. Mr. Weiss did all in his power for the thankless role of Valour; and Miss Harriet Gordon and Mr. Manvers sustained with effect two subordinate parts. The scenery, dresses, and

decorations were beyond reproach, and confer the greatest credit on the management. The success of the opera was decided, and Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves and the others were loudly recalled at the conclusion, after an enthusiastic summons for Mr. Henry Smart, who came forward amidst tumultuous applause and walked across the stage. We shall refer in detail to the music by-and-by.

**DRURY LANE.**—Madame Gassier remains the principal attraction, and in every new character makes an advance in public favour. On Wednesday night she essayed, for the first time in this country, the part of Lucia, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Not only was the music brilliantly sung, but the character was exceedingly well acted. Lucia, unlike Amina in *La Sonnambula*, does not exact the highest histrionic powers, but Mad. Gassier has sufficient feeling and skill to invest it with a force and meaning. The singing was admirable, and excited the utmost enthusiasm. Both in the *aria d'entrata*—"Perche non ho," and in the cavatina of the mad scene (Act II.), Madame Gassier was applauded to the skies. Signor Armandi, who did not figure conspicuously in *Norma*, was much happier as Edgardo in *Lucia*, displaying considerable power of voice and energy in the scene of the "Malediction." A little refinement, perhaps, would have improved the effect. The death scene, equally good, brought down the curtain with loud applause. "Fra poco" was a highly creditable performance, and raised the new tenor in general estimation. Madame Gassier and Signor Armandi were recalled after each act.

The operas of the past week, in addition to the *Lucia*, have been—*Norma* (Saturday), with Madame Arga, *Sonnambula* (Monday), *Lucrezia Borgia* (Tuesday), first time of performance, *Il Barbiere* (Thursday), and *Lucrezia Borgia* (last night). In the *Lucrezia Borgia*, Madame Arga was *Lucrezia*; Signor Bettini, Gennaro; Miss Fanny Huddart, Orsini; and Signor Fortini, Duke Alfonso. The performance was very successful, and the audience applauded with genuine good will. The artists were careful and painstaking throughout. The trio, in the second act, for the Duke, *Lucrezia*, and Gennaro, was unanimously redemanded, and Miss F. Huddart obtained a loud encore in "Il segreto." Signor Bettini was also deservedly encored in an *aria* by Signor Campana, which he introduced in the second act.

Mdlle. Palmyra improves every night. Now that she has obtained more confidence, she produces twice the effect, and her efforts are rewarded by well deserved applause. Mdlle. Paola, also, improves. Her manner is graceful and her dancing, though unaffected, is much admired. The theatre is filled every night

## AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The eighth and last concert of the ninth season took place on Monday, the 21st instant. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.			
Symphony in D, No. 2	- - - -	- - - -	Beethoven.
Song—"Sweet sleep be thine"	- - - -	- - - -	Ernest Gaston.
Overture—"Ruy Blas"	- - - -	- - - -	Mendelssohn.
Cavatina from "Der Freischütz"	- - - -	- - - -	Weber.
Septuor for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Contra-Basso	- - - -	- - - -	Hummel.
PART II.			
Songs { "Das Veilchen"	- - - -	- - - -	Mozart.
{ "Frühlings-Lied"	- - - -	- - - -	Mendelssohn.
Concert Overture	- - - -	- - - -	G. A. Osborne.
Part-Song—"The Sun of the Morning"	- - - -	- - - -	Miss Poland.
Overture Jubilee	- - - -	- - - -	Weber.

Pianoforte, Miss Poland; Flute, Mr. Graham Browne; Oboe, Mr. Alfred A. Pollock; Horn, Mr. Frederick H. P. Wetherall; Viola, Mr. Willett L. Adye; Violoncello, Mr. Bonamy Dobree, Jun.; Contra-Basso, The Rev. Dr. Bowden; Accompanist, Mr. Oscar Von Ernsthausen; Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony in D went splendidly—indeed, it was one of the best performances of the season, and the gradations of light and shade were extremely well attended to.

Mendelssohn's overture, *Ruy Blas*, must also be highly commended, since, though exceedingly difficult, it was very well played. Mr. Osborne's coquettish and pretty overture has

already been well spoken of by us, and we may merely say, that with the exception of a little slip by the oboes, ample justice was done to it. The septuor, considering the manifold difficulties and the nerve required by the soloists, all amateurs, was a highly interesting performance, and was evidently enjoyed by the audience.

The vocal music was excellent. A graceful and well-instrumented song, by Mr. Gaston, a member of the Society, was sung by Mr. Herbert in his best style. Mdlle. Krall, from Vienna, made a most favourable impression by the performance of the *cavatina* from *Der Freischütz*, and in the songs by Mozart and Mendelssohn, in the latter of which she was encored. The part-song, by Miss Poland, is a charming composition, melodious and well voiced, and Messrs. John Foster, W. Millais, Cooper, and Taylor, acquitted themselves so well in it, as to elicit a loud and unanimous encore.

The concert was brought to a termination by a dashing performance of Weber's Jubilee overture.

**MDLLE. ANNIE DE LARA'S CONCERT.**—The Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, was crowded by a full and very fashionable audience on Tuesday evening, when the youthful vocalist, whose name heads this notice, gave her Annual Evening Concert. Miss Annie de Lara must indeed be a highly-favoured lady to attract such a distinguished company, since the programme, with one or two exceptions, was meagre and commonplace in the extreme. There was, however, a goodly array of names, as may be gathered from the following list:—Vocalists—Misses Mesent, Lascelles, E. Steele, Grace Alleyne, Mary Huddart, Annie de Lara, Rebecca Isaacs, Mrs. Erskine Williams, Herr Reichardt, Signor Onorati, Messrs. Alfred Pierre, and F. Bodda; instrumentalists—Messrs. E. Aguilar (piano), Richard Blagrove (concertina), and Viotti Collins (violin). The best performances of the evening were Miss Mesent's "Laurette" and Herr Reichardt's recitative and air, "In Terra Solo," the latter so well given as to obtain a unanimous encore. Miss Annie de Lara was encored in Donizetti's "Fatal Goffredo," in which she displayed a decided improvement in style and method from last year. Miss Lascelles has a charming contralto voice, but somehow she does not come up to the mark. Her execution of Gluck's "Che farò senza Euridice" ought to have been more satisfactory. A real artist with such a voice would make her name heard beyond the metropolis. Miss E. Steele is a new contribution to the concert-room. Her voice is a high soprano—one of the highest, we incline to believe, in this country—and is of excellent quality. She joined Miss Lascelles and Mr. Alfred Pierre in Curschman's well-worn trio, "Ti prego," and seemed perfectly at home. In her solo, however—"La Rosa del Alpi"—she was so nervous towards the end as to neutralise the effect of a good beginning. Miss E. Steele has talent, nevertheless, or we are out in our reckoning. Mr. E. Aguilar played a bolero of his own composition in such a manner as to delight all the amateurs of the piano present. Mr. R. Blagrove's solo on the concertina was, of course, warmly applauded, and Mr. Viotti Collins exhibited his usual mechanical skill in Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise." The conductors and accompanists were Signors Pilotti and Operti, Herr Wilhelm Gauz and Mr. Maurice Davies.

The One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Anniversary of the Meeting of the Charity-schools at St. Paul's took place on Thursday. The congregation amounted to nearly 15,000 persons. The performance of the united choirs, as usual, comprised those pieces of Handel and others, which have been the musical illustrations of the service time out of mind. There was no novelty whatever. The children sang the 100th, 104th, and 113th Psalms—the two first to perfection. The collection at the doors was small (not £400); and there is some idea that the present anniversary may be the last. Mr. Goss, assisted by Mr. G. Cooper, was at the organ, and Mr. Bates conducted.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—A Morning Concert took place at the Palace on Monday last, when the following artists assisted:—Madame Fiorentini, Mdlle. Jenny Bauer, Mad. Amedei, Signor Salvi, Signor Lorenzo, and Herr Formes, vocalists; Herr Ernst (violin), Signor Bottesini (contrabasso), and Mr. Charles Hallé (pianoforte), instrumentalists. Madame Alboni was to have

sung, but was prevented by indisposition. The arrangements were not good, and it was only possible for those in the immediate vicinity of the platform to hear anything. Not more than half the programme was performed. Season tickets alone were admissible. Nevertheless, there were many thousand persons present.

#### NOTICE.

SEVERAL Concerts, etc., etc., are unavoidably postponed until next week. The letter from Düsseldorf is in print, and will appear in our next impression.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MISS BLANCHE CAPILL**—(Voice, Contralto), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

**MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN**, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street. Where their Concertina Classes are held, and where all their compositions may be had for the above instruments.

**MISS E. STEELE**, Vocalist (Soprano), begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 3, Royal Oak-terrace, West-bourne-grove.

**TO PROFESSORS OF MUSIC, &c.**—A Lady, who has studied music under the best masters of the Continent, and has had some experience in vocal and instrumental music, is desirous of introductions in the musical world, or of giving a concert in conjunction with some well-known professor, upon terms of mutual advantage. Address, Y. Z., W. Thomas and Co.'s Advertising Offices, 19 to 21, Catherine-street, Strand.

**MR. COOPER** begs to announce that his Fourth and Last SOIREE will take place on Friday, the 22nd of June, instead of June 13th, as originally advertised.

**ROYAL PANOPTICON, Leicester Square.**—The ORGAN. Mr. T. W. BEST begs to inform his Friends and the Public, that he is NO LONGER CONNECTED with this Institution as Organist.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN** begs to announce, that her SECOND MATINEE OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne-street, on Saturday next, June 10th, to commence at Three and terminate at Five. Pianoforte, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Mrs. John Macfarren; Violin, Herr Ernst and Mr. Watson; Viola, Mr. Clementi; Violoncello, Mr. Aylward. Vocalists, Mdlle. Jenny Bauer, Miss Strubach, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. Weiss. The vocal music accompanied by Mr. Walter Macfarren. Erard's Pianoforte will be used. Tickets 7s. each, to be obtained at Ebers' Library, 27, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

**Mlle. FANNY CORNET** begs to announce that her CONCERT will take place on Monday Evening, the 11th of June, at the Réunion des Arts, 76, Harley-street, when she will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Mdlles. Bockholtz-Falconi, Emilie Krall, Herren Formes, Reichardt, Ernst, Deichmann, Schloesser, and Mr. Schilke.—Conductors: Herren Schloesser and W. Ganz.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at Mlle. Cornet's residence, 115, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

**MR. AGUILAR** respectfully announces that he will give a MATINEE MUSICALE at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday, June 14th, to commence at Three precisely, under the distinguished patronage of The Most Noble the Marchioness of Hastings, The Right Honourable the Countess of Uxbridge, The Right Honourable the Lady Caroline Bicketta, The Right Honourable the Viscountess Combermere, The Viscountess Maidstone, The Right Honourable the Lady Harriet Elliott, The Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, Lady Montefiore; and assisted by Madame Anna Bockholtz-Falconi, Madame Ferrari; Mr. Miranda, Signor Ferrari and Signor Ciabatta; Herr Ernst, Signor Plat; Mr. R. B. Pratten, and Mr. F. Mori. Reserved seats, 15s.; single tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of Mr. Aguilar, 68, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal music-publishers.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.**—Wednesday, June 13, the FIFTH GRAND PERFORMANCE will take place, under the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family, in AID of the FUNDS of the GERMAN HOSPITAL, Dalston. Programme—Symphony in G major, Mozart; Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, Beethoven; a Dramatic Symphony, entitled "Romeo and Juliet," Berlioz; Overture (Il Flauto Magico), Mozart. Vocalists—Madame and Monsieus Gasser. Pianoforte—Madame Gury. Chorus of 500 voices. Conductor—M. Berlioz. Stalls in the centre area, £1 1s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats in the west gallery, 5s.; western area, 2s. 6d., to be had at Messrs. Ormer, Beale, and Co.'s; Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Chesapeake.

**MR. ALFRED MELLON** respectively announces that the last grand ORCHESTRAL UNION Concert this season will take place at St. Martin's Hall, early in July. Full particulars will be duly announced.



**THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.**—Conductor, Mr. FRANK MOSBY. Leader, Mr. THIRLWALL. Including Messrs. Barret, Lazarus, Baumann, Clinton, Lovell Phillips, Prosper, Mount, Mann, Clöff, Zeiss, Tolboque, Nadaud, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-place, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**MR. BENEDICT'S GRAND CONCERT.**—Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden.—Under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.—Mr. BENEDICT begs respectfully to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on Friday, June 15, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden. To begin at half-past 1 o'clock precisely, and to terminate at 5 o'clock. Mr. Benedict has the greatest satisfaction in being able to announce that Madame Grisi has most kindly offered her invaluable services. The concert will be supported by the band and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. Conductor—Mr. Benedict. Principal Vocal Performers:—Mad. Grisi, Mdle. Didie, Mdle. Mars, Mad. Viardot, Mdle. Jenny Ney, Mad. Rudersdorf, Mdle. Boesio; Signor Tamberlik, Signor Gardoni, Signor Luchesi, Mons. Zelger, Signor Polonini, Signor Tagliacoe, Signor Tamburini, Herr Fornes, Signor Graziani, Signor Lablache, and Signor Mario; also Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Signor Belletti. Principal Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Mons. Ascher (pianist to the Empress of the French), Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Benedict, and Herr Pauer; violin, Herr Ernst; contrabasso, Signor Bottesini; clarinet, Signor Belluti. Prices of admission:—Stalls, £1 1s.; boxes, grand tier, £2 2s.; boxes, first tier, £2 4s.; boxes, second tier, £2 2s.; boxes, third tier, £1 1s.; pit, 6s.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Applications for boxes, stalls, and places to be made at the box-office of the theatre; the principal librarians and music publishers; or to Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—H.R.H. Prince Albert, Patron.—Tuesday, June 12th, half-past three. Willis's Rooms. Quartet in C. Mozart; Grand Trio, B flat, Op. 97, Beethoven; Andante and Scherzo, (Posth. Quartet) in E, Op. 51, Mendelssohn; Morceaux, Violin et Piano; Solos Pianoforte. Artists: Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti. Pianist—Halk. Visitors' tickets to be had of Cramer and Co.; Chappell and Olivier, Bond-street.

J. ELLA, Director.  
N.B. The Sixth and Seventh Matinée take place on June 19th and 20th.

**HERR CARL DEICHMANN'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday, June 16, to commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists—Mad. Clara Novello, Mdle. Emilie Krall from the Imperial Opera Vienna, Signor Bianchi, and Signor Belletti. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Herr Ernst Pauer; violin, Messrs. Ries and Deichmann; viola, Mr. Vogel; violoncello, Messrs. Paque and Hausmann. Conductors—Messrs. F. E. Bach and Francesco Berger. Reserved seats, half-a-guinea; tickets, 7s. each; may be had at all the principal music ware-houses; and of Herr Carl Deichmann, 6, Maddox-street, Regent-street.

**THE MISSES McALPINE** have the honour to announce their Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, June 12th, under the immediate patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset, The Most Noble the Marchioness of Abercorn, The Right Honourable The Countess of Harrowby, The Right Honourable The Viscountess Ebrington, Lady Rose Greville, Lady Elizabeth Dawson, Lady Grace Vandeleur, Lady James Stuart; on which occasion they will be assisted by Madame Anna Thillon, Miss Messent, Mdle. Cora, and the Misses McAlpine, who will sing a new duetto composed expressly for them ("Sul sentier del piacere") by F. Schira; Mr. Miranda, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Diabatta; Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, Herr Deichmann, Mr. Distin, sen. Conductors—Signor Schira, Mr. C. Blagrove, and Herr W. Ganz.

**M. PAQUE** has the honour to announce that he will give a SOIREE MUSICALE at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street, on Wednesday, 20th of June, assisted by the most eminent talent, vocal and instrumental. Among other pieces will be performed (for the first time in this country), by Messrs. Piatti, Hausmann, Engelke, and Paque, Le Poesia, quartet for four violoncellos, by Mercadante. For Tickets, etc., apply to M. PAQUE, 60, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square.

**HERR WILHELM GANZ** has the honour to announce that his Grand Morning Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, June 14th, under the most distinguished patronage. To commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Mdle. Jenny Bauer, Miss Messent, Mdle. Cornet, Miss Lascelles, Madame Mortier de Fontaine; Herr Reichardt, Mr. Pierre, Mr. Hamilton Braham, and Signor Lorenzo. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Herr Wilhelm Ganz; Violin, Herr Ernst, and the brothers A. and H. Holmes; Tenor, Herr Goffie; Violoncello, M. Paque; Concertina, Mr. Richard Blagrove. Conductors, Mr. Charles Blagrove and Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Tickets, 7s. 6d.; to be obtained at Mitchell's Royal Library, Cramer and Beale's, C. Lonsdale, R. W. Olivier, Schott, and of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, 50, Frith-street, Soho-square.

**MDLE. JENNY NEY**, Mad. Rudersdorf, Miss Amy Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, M. Sauton, Mr. Alfred Mellon, and Mr. Benedict, will appear at Miss Dolby's and Mr. Lindsay Sloper's Annual Grand Orchestral Concert, at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday evening next, June 13. Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d.

**R. S. PRATTEN'S PERFECTED FLUTE** (on the old system of fingering.) This instrument is universally acknowledged to possess the most powerful tone, combined with perfect intonation, sweetness, and ease to the performer. Prospectus and testimonials on application to John Hudson, Manufacturer, 3, Rathbone-place.

**THE CHEAPEST CONCERTINA.**—Messrs. BOOSEY and Sons beg to state that Case's Four-Guinea Concertina is sold at a trifle above the cost price, for the express purpose of superseding the worthless instrument called the German Concertina, which, from having but half the proper number of notes, is thoroughly useless in a musical sense. Case's Four-Guinea Concertina has double action and full compass, and is a perfect concert instrument. A Post Office Order for Four Guineas will ensure the delivery of one in any part of England. Case's Concertinas may also be had of every quality and price, from 24s. to £12 12s. each. Instruments exchanged and let on hire. Boosey and Sons' Musical Instrument Warehouse, 28, Holles-street.

**BANK OF DEPOSIT, No. 3, Pall Mall East, London.** Established A.D. 1844. Parties desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with perfect security. The interest is payable, in January and July, at the Head Office in London; and may also be received at the various branches, or through country bankers, without delay or expense. Peter Morrison, Managing Director: Prospectuses and Forms for opening accounts sent free on application.

**HOUSES AND ESTATES.**—Persons wishing to buy or rent, let, sell, or exchange estates, houses, leases, advowson, or goods, chattels, farming stock, or other personal property, are invited to order the "Illustrated Property Advertiser," a Monthly Stamped Newspaper, published by Mr. Alfred Cox, Land Agent, 68, New Bond-street, London, price 9s. or twelve successive numbers for 8s. in advance. This periodical contains Advertisements of a vast number of Residences, Estates, Cottages, etc., in the market, as also particulars of property wanted by numerous applicants. The "Landlords and Tenants' Guide," a volume of 400 pages, with Geographical Map and Gazetteer of Great Britain, also edited by Alfred Cox, price 7s. or handsomely bound 10s., obtainable likewise of Simpkin and Co., and all Booksellers. It treats upon arrangements of houses and grounds, agency, agricultural architecture, cost of building, climate, conveyancing, domestic economy, ecclesiastical property, fixtures, geography, geology, hire and purchase of houses and lands, landscape gardening, law of real property—landlord and tenant, and of agents, leases, rural economy, rates and taxes, statistics, surveys, tenures, topography, valuation, and ventilation. The "Agency Office," No. 68, New Bond-street, London, conducted by Mr. Alfred Cox, offers great and unusual advantages both to those seeking property and those desirous of disposing of it. Terms far lower than those warranted by custom of trade. Auctions are held and Surveys made in distant parts of the Country on terms less than the local agents.

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